CHILD MARIAN

ABROAD

W. M. F. ROUND

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PLAYING WITH A PRINCESS. — Page 144.

CHILD MARIAN ABROAD.

BY

WM. M. F. ROUND,

AUTHOR OF "ACHSAH" AND "TORN AND MENDED."

ILLUSTRATED.

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TO

GEORGE MACDONALD'S CHILDREN

This Book is Dedicated

BY ONE WHO LOVES AND HONORS

THEIR FATHER.

ROSECROFT,
STILL RIVER, MASS.,
August, 1877.

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CHILD MARIAN ABROAD.

CHAPTER I.

MARIAN STARTS.

MARIAN is my niece, and the nicest little seven-year-old niece in the world; at least we think so, and we ought to know, for we 've been acquainted with Marian ever since she was a baby, and loved her better and better every year. How can we help loving her? We can't; for she is as merry as a cricket, as lively as a sparrow, as pretty as a butterfly, and as good as — oh, ever so much better than gold!

Perhaps you 'd like to know how Marian looks and behaves. Well, her hair is golden as sunshine, her eyes as blue as violets, and she chatters — chatters — chatters. She does n't wait for one question to be answered before she asks another, and when she is n't talking she is singing.

Marian was the tiniest bit of a pink-nosed baby when she came to live with us. Her mamma died soon after our pet was born; and before Marian had learned to speak his name, we went out one glorious June morning and laid her papa in a grave among the hillside daisies, and then came back and kissed Marian again and again, — kissed her for his dear sake, and because she was now all ours, and we loved her dearly.

One time, when the clock of the year was striking December, I had a message that called me over the sea. "I'll go with you," said Marian's aunt, who is my wife; and "I'll go too," said Marian's aunt's niece, who is Marian.

Well, you know December is a cloudy, stormy, dull time at sea, and by way of having the sunshine always with us, we concluded we'd take Marian along. So one morning I walked into the office of the Inman line and bought two tickets and a half for Liverpool, by the good ship "City of Brussels." Then I walked home and said to Marian and her aunt, —

"Now, pack your trunks, for next Saturday we sail."

"May I take them all?"

"All what, my dear?"

"All my dolls."

"Goodness!" I exclaimed, remembering there were twenty-four of them, exclusive of paper ones. And I knew that each doll had a wardrobe of its own.

"Marian," I said, "you may have a trunk of your own, and you may put in the tray whatever you like, keeping the lower part for your clothes."

The trunk having been arranged, and a very good-sized trunk it was, Marian found that there would only be room for six dolls, and she forthwith arranged her six last and best ones in the tray. Very sweet they looked, too, I can assure you, in their six tiny nightcaps, and their little snub noses and little kid "toes-es" turned up to a picture of Trinity Church on the trunk-lid. They were mostly crying dolls, and when I shut the trunk down, and pressed their dear little bodies, they gave a pathetic squeak that fairly brought tears to Marian's eyes.

Then Marian had to dispose of her other dolls. She gave them to the care of her little playmates, with many charges as to how they should be tended while she was away.

"Now," she said, — "now, Mary Jones, here is

Ethelberta, who is delicate, and can't keep her arms on very well; you'll have to be very careful of her. And here is my darling little blonde Alice, who has a hole in the back of her neck, over which you 'll have to put a piece of court-plaster from time to time, otherwise she 'll break out badly with the sawdust, which, as everybody knows, is worse than the measles.

"And here, Tommy Bruce, you 're a boy, and you shall have my acrobatic doll. It will be a great comfort to Pedro if you 'll let him stand on his head a few minutes every day." And so, one by one, the dolls were disposed of, until at last Topsy, a black doll of very large size and very kinky hair, was all that remained. Tears came in Marian's eyes when she gave Topsy to the washerwoman's daughter, saying, "She 's a great care; her legs and her arms and her head are always flying off, but Aunt Elinor says you may have the Spaulding's glue-pot along with her, and maybe, if you watch her close, and mend her every morning, you can keep her in order."

"It was very hard parting with Topsy," she said afterwards. "She is n't pretty, and she 's a great deal of trouble; but she 's so funny and so good!"

At last we were fairly started,—Aunt Elinor, Marian, the trunks, and, by no means least, Marian's canary, in a little wire cage with a handle on the top. These things made the sum of my cares, and, to a large extent, my joys as well.

The ship was advertised to sail at eight, and we were on board by half past seven, when we were told that, owing to some unforeseen circumstance, we should not leave till three in the afternoon. This gave us time to go all over the vessel, and to arrange our state-rooms, and to become acquainted with the stewards, and still have some hours on our hands.

And during that time Marian made an acquaintance. About twelve there came on board a Japanese family, who were going to England. They were n't any of your tea-store Japanese, but the real coffee-and-cream colored Japanese, with silk dresses and paper-soled shoes, and with their shining black hair gummed up fantastically, and with little sparkling eyes, and every one of them born and bred in Japan.

There was Mr. Yang-Hi and Mrs. Yang-Hi, and, above all and before all, there was Yang-Hi, Jr., aged eight, and whose name was Yastarra Yang-Hi, a young gentleman whose head was shaved in spots,

till it looked like a geographical globe, with the bare parts representing water and the patches of hair representing land. Marian eyed the party for a time, and then began to make the acquaintance of Master Yastarra. She drew from her pocket a piece of candy, and held it out temptingly.

Yastarra looked wistfully.

"Take it," said Marian.

"*Yak, mak-erra tarra boo*," said Yastarra; or at least so Marian said he said.

"*Parlez-vous Français?*" (Do you speak French?) asked Marian, who spoke French as well as English, having learned it from a French nurse.

"*Lakara uk-ki yam*," said Yastarra.

"Can't you talk any better than that?" asked Marian.

"*Mak-ak. Yung-yam*," answered Yastarra.

"It is n't talking at all," said Marian; "it sounds like hens. You 'd better take the candy, though, if you can't talk."

So Yastarra took the candy, and diving his hands into the folds of his silk coat, found a pocket somewhere, and produced a curious little box in which were some Japanese sweetmeats, which he offered to Marian.

"Very pretty," said Marian.

"Good!" said Yastarra. This was almost the only English word he knew. Marian bowed, saying, "Oh, yes, I've no doubt they're good."

Then Yastarra began making motions for Marian to eat some. Marian took one, touched her tongue to it, found it sweet, and the two having exchanged candies, became straightway good friends.

"Come to our state-room, and I'll show you my dolls," said Marian, at the same time taking Master Yastarra by the hand.

Marian had the key to her trunk tied to a blue ribbon which she wore about her neck; so when they reached the state-room she unlocked her trunk, and the row of six little folks, feeling the pressure of the lid off their six little stomachs, gave a squeak of childish delight. Out they came, one by one, and out came sundry other toys that had been smuggled into the corners; and when we went to look for Marian, we found the two little folks making a toy-shop of the state-room, and as happy and as well acquainted as if they had known each other for weeks instead of minutes. To be sure, they could n't talk the same language, but they managed to make each other understand very well by signs.

"Marian," I said, "are you having a good time?"

"Splendid! Only if I could make him talk anything but hen-talk, I could understand him better."

"Should you mind, Marian, if we went off the ship for an hour or two, your aunt and I, and left you here?"

"Not a bit," answered Marian, "if you'll be sure to get back in time."

"And won't you go out of the cabin?" said Aunt Elinor.

"Or touch my dressing-case?" said I.

"Or play with the water in the pitcher?" said Aunt Elinor.

"No, no, no!" said Marian. "I'll only play with little chicky-hen, and run out in the saloon."

So it was all arranged, and Aunt Elinor and I, to whom it had occurred that we should spend Christmas on shipboard, took a cab and went up into Broadway to buy some Christmas gifts, not forgetting to ask the stewardess to have an eye to Marian and her friend.

Of course we were back in time, and the children had done no mischief beyond upsetting the tooth-powder, and had arranged the toys in a manner "perfectly elegant," if we may take Miss Marian's

word for it. On the back of the wash-basin, with their dainty feet dangling in the bowl, were Arabella and Clara, two of Marian's most cherished dolls, and in the little window-seat by the port-hole was a row of four more, with *their* feet dangling, and looking as beaming and lovable as if they never meant to be sea-sick in their lives. Marian had just finished arranging her toys when we returned and took her on deck, that she might bid her good-by to New York.

Captain Leitch was on the bridge, looking very brave and dignified, and he was speaking down into tubes, and pulling bells, and giving orders in every direction. People were standing about the gangway, bidding friends good-by, and some of them crying, and some of them laughing, and all of them talking, when of a sudden there was a throb that one could feel all over the vessel, and which was like the beating of a gigantic heart. Wheels began to turn way down below, the water began to splash in a path of white foam behind the ship, and slowly, very slowly at first, but going faster and faster, she began to plough a pathway for herself through the dancing waves, and out of the harbor into the ocean.

It began to grow dark, and we all sat down to

dinner, and after dinner the great ship began to move about in a singular way, and Marian came and whispered to me, saying, "Uncle Will, I feel queer!"

My! she looked queer. She was as pale as a sheet. And I looked into her deep blue eyes as tenderly as I could, and I put my arms about her, and I whispered in her pink little ear and said, "Marian, I feel queer, too."

"Let us go and find Aunt Elinor," said Marian; and I said, "Let's." So we went and found Aunt Elinor, who was lying on a sofa, looking paler than either of us, and who said when she saw us, "Oh, I 'm so glad you 've come, for I feel very queer, and think I ought to be got to bed."

With a good deal of help Aunt Elinor and Marian were got to bed, and I — oh dear! I got to bed, too; and while I lay there, feeling as if I 'd been swinging too long, or smoking my very first cigar, I heard Marian, who with her aunt occupied the adjoining state-room, saying her prayers. After "Now I lay me," she said, "God bless Uncle Will, God bless Aunt Elinor, and dear God I would pray more if the ship would keep still, and I was n't so sick; but I will just try to say God bless the little heathen boy that talks hen-talk. Amen."

After three disagreeable days, when we were all very sea-sick, there came smooth weather and glorious sunshine; and on the day before Christmas everybody was on deck watching for steamers or whales or porpoises, or anything else but water. It was just like most other voyages, as far as the ocean and the ship and the weather were concerned; but it was unlike other voyages in our having a Christmas celebration on board.

When the sun was going down on Christmas eve, Marian came to me and asked, —

"Do you think it will freeze?"

"What, my dear?"

"Why, the water. If it does n't, how *will* Santa Claus get here?"

"He might have a boat," I ventured to say.

"Or come riding on a whale," said Aunt Elinor.

"Or with a flying-machine, like Darius Green," I said, and would, no doubt, have suggested other possible modes of conveyance, had not a deep voice by our side said, "He swims."

It was the captain, and of course he knew all about it, and that was the end of it.

"Captain," asked Marian, "where does that smoke-stack go to?"

"Come, and I'll show you." And in a twinkling he had Marian on his shoulder, and was going down a narrow iron stair into the boiler-room.

Down, down they went to where grimy men were shovelling in coal to great fires that roared and glowed most frightfully.

"There," said the captain, "there is where the smoke-stack goes to."

Marian looked very much disappointed, as she said, —

"Well, I don't believe Santa Claus could stand that fire a minute! besides, I'm afraid there is no place here to hang our stockings."

"Oh! that's it, is it?" said the captain. "Well, then, let me tell you, Miss Marian, that on shipboard Santa Claus doesn't come down the chimney; he comes over the side of the ship, and I shall lower a rope ladder and leave it all night for him to climb up by."

"And where shall we hang our stockings?" asked Marian.

"Oh, hang them in the companion-way, and he'll see them."

So that night Marian and the other children on board hung their stockings in the companion-way,

which is the passage leading from the deck to the saloon, and which Marian always called the front entry.

Sure enough, when Christmas morning came the stockings were found all filled; and such a jollification as there was in the saloon when the children fished out their contents! Yastarra had as much as anybody, and Yastarra's papa and mamma had made each of the children a present of some Japanese toy. And what a merry day everybody had! In the afternoon the stewards got up a concert, and blacked their faces, and sung negro songs, and danced, and cut jokes on each other; and the sailors, they had an extra dinner and sung songs, and the grown-up passengers *they* had a great dinner and made speeches, and had the roast beef and plum pudding all stuck over with English and American flags and Christmas mottoes. But the children's dinner was the crowning glory of the whole celebration. There was a great fish served, all steaming hot it looked, and when it was cut into, it proved only to be a pasteboard fish and filled with sweetmeats; and there was a joint of beef that was n't beef at all, but turned out to be only a make-believe, and when *that* was cut it was full of favors, little rosettes of red-white-and-blue, with a picture of the

ship in gilt in the centre; and there was *such* a pie! I would n't dare say how big it was, but the captain cut it, and then said each child might "put in a thumb and pull out a plum."

Yasterra, he pulled out an elegant jack-knife, with which he cut his coffee-and-cream colored little Japanese fingers forthwith, and shouted "Ki-yi!" till they were done up in a handkerchief. And Marian, she pulled out a Noah's ark, full of every kind of animals, from a hopper-grass to a hippopotamus. And another little girl, she pulled out a bouquet of artificial violets, out of which a fan popped, in the most mysterious way, when she pulled a string. And a little bit of a fellow that was there pulled out a trumpet that made more noise than a pig in a gate. And another little toddlekins, only four years old, he — bound to get the biggest plum of all — put in his hand and felt round till he caught hold of the fur of a toy dog, which barked so naturally when he squeezed it that he became afraid, and went and hid under a sofa.

And then — O my, such a pie — the captain called for a candle, and lighted a little place in the centre of it, and pouf! it went off in parlor fireworks, that were quite dazzling to see.

After dinner, the doctor he came in with his share, and had a juggling entertainment. He walked right up to Marian, and putting his hands among her curls, pulled out a couple of carrots and a head of cabbage and other vegetables, till Marian begged him to stop, for he made her head feel like a kitchen garden.

And then he took an empty dish, and covering it with a pocket-handkerchief, it suddenly became full of feathers. And he borrowed a watch and hammered it to pieces in a mortar, and then fired it out of a pistol all straight again, and going as tickfully as ever. And he did ever so many other things that I can't remember, but which filled us all with wonder and delight.

It grew to be quite late before he was through, and the children had begun to drop off to sleep, so that when he wound up his performances by eating a very hearty meal of cotton batting, and topped it off with a lighted coal which set the cotton ablaze, and made him blow out smoke like a house-a-fire, and when, at the very last, he began to reel off yards and yards of ribbon out of his mouth, some of which Marian has to this day, everybody was ready

to go to bed; and Marian said to me confidentially as I kissed her good night, —

"I don't think Santa Claus could have done better on shore; and as for the captain, he's perfectly elegant."

CHAPTER II.

A DAY IN LONDON.

IT was long after sunset when we landed in Liverpool. The heavy fog that hung over the city made it very dark, but I could see a tear in Yang-Hi's little almond-shaped eyes as he and Marian parted; as for Marian, she just raised her voice and had a good American cry, right there on the landing, and we took her into a cab, with her handkerchief over her eyes, and sobbing as if her heart would break.

It was a hansom cab, and Marian had never seen one, or even heard of one. As soon as we started off, Marian stopped her crying and took down her handkerchief. The horse was dashing along at a fearful pace. Marian looked up into my face and said, —

"Uncle Will, are you driving?"

"No, Marian."

"Are you, Aunt Elinor?"

"No."

"Then I think the horse is running away," said Marian; and she clung close to my arm, expecting every minute to be thrown out on the pavement; but I explained to her how the driver was up behind, and hardly finished doing so when we pulled up at the Adelphi Hotel, and were speedily shown to cosey rooms in that famous hostelry.

Marian had a light supper and was put to bed with the light left burning, while Aunt Elinor and I betook ourselves to the great coffee-room to have a rousing dinner of "roast beef of old England," and ever so many other good things.

It was the first time Marian had ever slept in a hotel, and the first time she had ever seen a bed with a curtain to it. "I shall feel," she said, "as if I was sleeping in a circus; and in the morning I 'll have all my dolls out, and I 'll have a menagerie or a camp-meeting or something, for it is so like a tent."

Marian meant to go right straight off to sleep, but she could n't. She tried counting, but that did n't make her sleepy. She was as wide awake at nine hundred and ninety-nine as she was at one. Then she shut her eyes and said all the nursery rhymes she could think of. She tried singing, — it was no use.

"Well," she said to herself, "as long as I can't get to sleep, I may as well have a camp-meeting now."

So she crept out of bed, and got her dolls out of the trunk, and set them all in a row on the sofa, for she found the bed too small; and by way of making a striking and impressive appearance, put on my figured dressing-gown, and arranging a cricket in a chair, began the services.

"My goodness!" she said, "I have n't rung the bell!" Then, seeing a bell-rope at hand, and not knowing the use of it, having been used to an electrical bell, she straightway began to pull it as she 'd seen the sexton do in church. When she 'd rung it enough, she assumed an air of great dignity, and began the services.

"First we 'll sing the two-hundred-and-tooth hymn"; and pulling out the second bureau-drawer, she improvised an organ.

Then she made a prayer, after which she preached the following sermon, which was overheard and reported by the chambermaid, who had stolen in to answer the bell.

"Dear friends, you 're all naughty. You know you are, or you would know it if you was n't dolls. You ought to be good, and you could be if you tried!

Could n't you think to put your bibs on for breakfast? Could n't you think to brush your teeth in the morning? Don't you think you could keep still when grown-up folks is talking? It is hard to do, but you ought to do it. You ought not to squeal when your hair is done up in tea-leads. You ought not to tell lies. You ought not to be saucy or imperent. You ought not to go with your shoes untied. Once there was a little girl named Marian. *She* went with her shoes untied, and fell down stairs over her shoe-strings, and skinned her nose and hurted her elbow — and cried awful. They had to give her bread and jelly to stop her, and her nose looked like a toadstool.

"Telling lies is worse than shoe-strings. If you tell untrufes Aunt Elinor will put ink-spots on your lips till they look like my copy-book. That is what she did once to a little girl named Marian, that I 've been telling you about. General Washington never told a lie, and so his father gave him a hatchet, and let him cut down a cherry-tree, and he had a be-yew-ti-ful time. If he had told a lie his father would have punished him severeally, an' so he das n't. You ought not to dast to, but some of you look as if you had, and I guess I 'll punish you for it right off!"

Marian's sermon would not, perhaps, have come to so abrupt an ending, but she happened to spy an ink-bottle on the table, and it was too much for her to resist. Once she had had her own lips inked for telling a fib, and here was a chance to punish her dolls. So she inked the lips of one or two, and would probably have had them all inked had not the chambermaid made her presence known.

"Did you ring, Miss?" she said, smilingly.

"I rung the meetin' bell," said Marian, a little frightened.

"Did you want anything?"

"Yes; I wanted to go to sleep, but I could n't."

"Where is your mamma?"

"My mamma is in heaven; my aunt and Uncle Will are down stairs."

"Do you wish me to call them?"

Marian stopped a minute to think, then she asked,

"What do you think of my going down?"

"Oh! you 'd have to dress, and that would be too much trouble," said the chambermaid.

"I always go down when I 'm wakeful at home," answered Marian. "And I need n't dress, either. I 'll wear this pretty dressing-gown."

"I would n't," said the maid.

"Well, I guess I will." So, seizing a doll, Marian ran out into the hall, down the great staircase, and just as we were finishing our dinner, my darling niece, clasping an inked doll to her heart, appeared in the doorway, to the consternation of that grave head-waiter, who looks as dignified as the President of the United States, at the very least.

There she was, in her pretty night-dress, and her little bare ankles showing between its hem and her slippers, — there she was, with her golden locks folded under a dainty nightcap, — there she was, with my flowered dressing-gown trailing out behind, and I had n't the heart to scold her, and so I folded her in my arms and kissed her over and over again as I took her up stairs and laid her in her curtained bed, and told her stories till the blue eyes showed only a line of golden lashes, and sweet little Marian was fast asleep.

The next day we went up to London, and I asked Marian what she most wished to see.

"The queen!" said Marian instantly.

"What next?" I asked.

"The wax-works," answered Marian.

"Next?"

"THERE SHE WAS IN MY FLOWERED DRESSING-GOWN."—Page 30.

"The animals," by which she meant the Zoölogical Gardens.

"Next?"

"The Crystal Palace."

"And all these things you shall see, my darling little Marian, if Uncle Will has health and strength, — all but the queen, and I'm not certain about her. She don't keep herself on exhibition, at a shilling admission."

"Could n't we call?" asked Marian.

"Not till she 'd called on us," I replied, "and I'm afraid she won't do that; she won't know we're in London."

It was again night when we arrived in London, and we could n't begin our sight-seeing till the next day. Marian woke me in the morning by pulling my whiskers, and wanted to know where all the smoke came from. "We can't see plain across our room," she said, "and I'm afraid the house is on fire."

I said it was only the fog, and told her to run and dress while I did the same, and then we 'd have "a regular day of it."

Before breakfast Aunt Elinor and I sat down to send cards to our London friends, so that they might

know of our arrival and come and call on us. We explained it all to Marian, and she said she thought it a very good way, which of course was gratifying. We were busy for half an hour, and Marian kept busy too, with a pen and paper and unlimited ink.

At last we had a big package of directed envelopes, with cards inside. Down we went to breakfast, and gave them to the waiter to put in the mail. In a minute he came back, his eyes as big as small saucers, and holding an envelope by the corner. It was a very smoochy envelope, and the waiter began: —

"If you please, sir."

"Well?"

"This 'ere letter, sir."

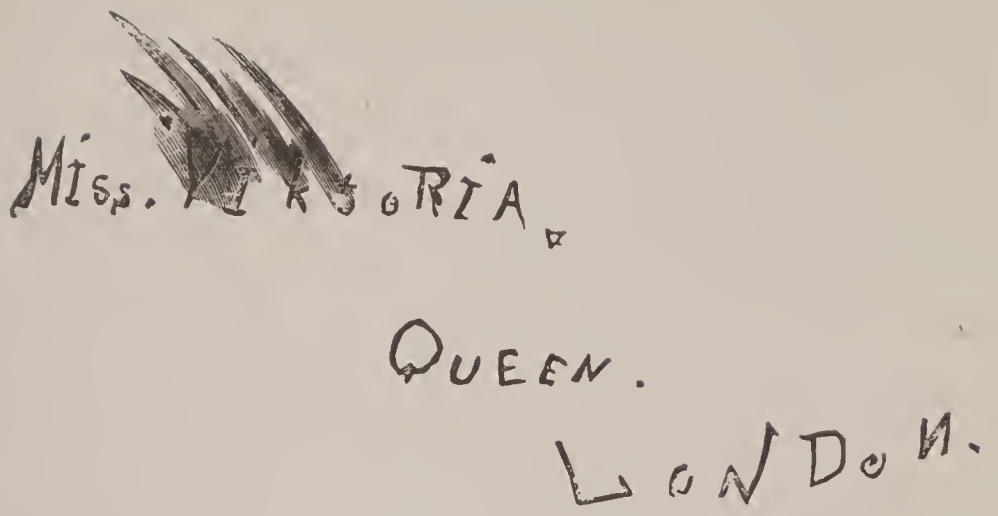
"Well, what of it?"

"Beg parding, sir, but it is 'ardly the way to haddress 'er most gracious Majesty."

"What do you mean? Who 's addressed her most gracious Majesty?"

"Beg parding again, sir, you 'ave, sir, hor some of your party. 'Ere 's this 'ere letter was hamong them as you gave me."

I took the letter. On the back was written,



and inside was one of my cards, one of Aunt Elinor's, and a tailor's card, upon the back of which was the one word

Marian looked ashamed when she saw her work in my hands, and I was for a moment inclined to scold her, only I laughed, and that spoiled the scold. There is nothing like a laugh to spoil a scold.

"I thought I'd let her know we were here," said Marian, "and then maybe she'd call. I *did* so want to see her."

"But you ought to have told us what you had

done, Marian; you ought to have shown it to us, and not slipped it in slyly among our envelopes."

That was all the rebuke I could administer, and — do you know? — I was almost sorry the card had n't gone. For that good woman, the queen, would have known it for some dear child's work, and her motherly heart would have forgiven the unceremonious intrusion of Marian's little missive.

But after all it was Marian's good fortune to see the queen, and on that very day. We were hardly through breakfast when our attention was attracted by everbody in the hotel hurrying to the doors and windows, and upon inquiry we learned that the queen was going that morning, at ten o'clock, to visit a hospital near by, and would pass the door. Our windows faced the street, and so we stationed ourselves at them to see the queen go by. Pretty soon Marian called out that two soldiers were coming. There they were, and very handsome uniforms they had, — not two only, but half a score; and behind them came a very plain carriage, with two ladies in it. One was very plain and the other very pretty. It was the queen and the Princess Beatrice, and behind them, in a rumble, rode Mr. John Brown, the queen's constant attendant.

"She 's very red, is n't she?" said Marian, speaking of the queen.

We were forced to admit that she was. "But then," I added, "she 's very good, and all the people love her."

"That black bonnet, with purple none-so-pretties (New-English for pansies) in it, don't look much like a crown, and her sceptre is n't anything more than a parasol!" exclaimed Marian, a regular little woman, to begin at once criticising the queen's dress. And she had hardly time for this remark before the queen's carriage whirled out of sight.

That evening Marian wrote a letter, — or rather I wrote a letter at Marian's dictation, — in which she gave her impressions of London and of the queen, as follows. The letter was to a little home playmate of hers: —

MY DEAR LULU, — We are here in London, the biggest city in the world. It is very foggy. The fog looks like smoke, and smuts things. I spoiled my gloves to-day by running them down the banisters, which were dirty with the fog. Uncle Will says there is smoke mixed with it, and that is what makes it so nasty.

The carriages here are mostly chaises, and the drivers ride on top and swear at their horses. There is a little trap door in the top which you poke up with your parasol, and say, "Hi!" if you want to stop.

Dear Lulu, I 've seen the queen! You know that picture we have, where she 's standing on a flight of steps, with an awning over her, and a fur robe with a trail on, and a crown on her head, and looks elegant, with a sceptre in one hand and a roll of paper in the other? Don't you believe a word of that picture. She is quite an old lady, and very stout. But she looks pleasant, though. She had a very pretty bonnet on, made of silk, and purple velvet pansies, and a cloak and dress all trimmed round with ermine, and there was a be-yew-ti-ful young lady with her, who is her daughter, and who is named Beatrice. Some people shouted "Hooray" as she passed, and she nodded to them! I suppose she knew them, though Uncle Will thinks not.

We have seen a good many things to-day, mostly streets and milliners' shops and tailors' shops, for Uncle Will and Aunt Elinor have been shopping, and I 've bought a two-shilling doll, which I have named Beatrice, after the queen's daughter; and when she gets a little older, I 'm going to change her name to Victoria, after the queen.

The queen is a very good woman; and to-day, at the hospital where she went a-visiting, she stopped and talked with all the sick children, and made them presents, and most everybody loves her, which is better than being handsome, though I 'd rather be both good and handsome. Aunt Elinor says I 'll be neither unless I go to bed earlier, and as it 's getting late I 'll say good night, and will write you again soon.

Your affectionate

MARIAN.

CHAPTER III.

SIGHT-SEEING IN LONDON.

IT was at breakfast one morning I said to Marian, "There's the wax-works, there's the Crystal Palace, and there's the Zoölogical Gardens: now which shall it be first, my lady?"

We often called her "my lady" when she came down in a tidy and well-behaved and good-humored condition, — and that was pretty nearly always.

"Well, Uncle Will, I don't know. If there was only one I could decide in a minute."

"Let her decide by her nose," said Aunt Elinor.

"And mouth," I added.

"And sugar," put in Marian.

"Yes. She shall decide by her mouth and nose and sugar," I said, and straightway began to make preparations. It was n't a new plan, by a good deal; we 'd done it times and times at home, and it worked beautifully. So I put my hand in the sugar-bowl, and extracted three lumps.

"That," said I, laying down a very big one, "is the Crystal Palace, and that," laying down a smaller one, "is the Zoölogical Gardens, and that little bit of a one is Madame Tussaud's Wax-Works. Now, Marian, all ready?" And Marian threw her head back until her hair hung over the chair like a shower of gold, and opened her mouth, while I balanced the Crystal Palace on her nose.

"One — two — three!" and Marian gave her head a toss, and opened her dainty mouth, but she could n't catch the Crystal Palace in it, and it rolled under the table, where a little poodle belonging to one of the guests gobbled it up in no time.

Then I took the Zoölogical Gardens, and put that on Marian's nose, and —"One, two, three!" and down fell the Zoo, right into Aunt Elinor's lap.

"O dear!" exclaimed Marian, "I don't seem to have any luck at all! I must be more careful with the wax-works."

And sure enough she was more careful, and "One, two, three!" the wax-works were caught in the rosy little trap, and thus it was decided that we should go straight to Madame Tussaud's. And what a curious place it is! and what fun we had!

There was a long hall at the head of the stairs,

and in it *such* a company. There were kings and queens and their courts, and there were generals and their staffs, and there were good men and bad men all mixed up together, and all in their best clothes and their company faces. There was a figure of our martyred President, very long and lank, and in a suit of clothes which would have been a good fit for the Norway giant that stood opposite, yet were much too big and baggy for Mr. Lincoln.

And there was General Grant, in a beard like a shoe-brush, and in a uniform like a tailor's lay figure, looking very uncomfortable, and as if he wished Madame Tussaud would give him permission to sit down and smoke a cigar. And there was the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, looking very glum at the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, who was looking very glum at him.

There were heads of criminals, who looked as if they 'd walked right out hair-dressers' windows to rob and murder their victims, who were also represented, with agonized faces, and bleeding great drops of red sealing-wax, for which their stuffed bodies had been tapped at convenient and conspicuous spots. All the faces of the respectable wax people were very clean and polished, and all the

faces of all the bad people were rather dirty and neglected. The Duke of Wellington was shaved so close that the barber might have skinned his face and have done with it, while the "Outlaw of Hounslow Heath" had a very nasty beard, of a week's growth at the very least.

Some of the figures had clock-work inside of them and moved. The pope was always a-putting up his right hand, like a school-boy who wants to be noticed by his teacher, and blessing people with two fingers, as if he were making signals to somebody hidden in the chandelier, to which he had rolled up his eyes in a very knowing way. And as for the Sleeping Beauty, an exquisite wax creature in white satin, her bosom moved with her breathing as life-like as a pair of bellows.

Marian was amazed and delighted at all this concourse of great and small and good and wicked people. Her conversation for the next half-hour was mainly comprised in "Oh, mys!" and other exclamations of wonder and delight. The group that pleased her most was, I think, that representing Queen Victoria and her court. There was the queen, with a very royal expression on her wax face, staring out of her glass eyes at the Duke of

Cambridge, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, and all the rest of the princes and princesses, down to the very youngest of the lot, who had been smuggled to the court reception in a cradle.

"She looks much prettier in wax than she does real," said Marian to me confidentially, "and I like those clothes ever so much better than those she wore in the carriage. I suppose these are like what she wears when she's at home. Do you suppose she ever lets that baby in the cradle play with her crown?"

And she would probably have gone on to much greater length with her comments and questions, had I not suddenly discovered that she was standing before a very old lady, who was seated before the group, and obviously could n't see much of it through Miss Marian Vane, who, though she was a very little girl, was not transparent.

"Oh! I did n't see that old lady," said Marian. "Don't she look old, Uncle Will? See how she leans on her umbrella, and how her hand trembles and her head shakes. She looks as old as Jerusalem!"

Methusaleh she meant; but I stopped her short lest the old lady should hear her, and did n't even

take the occasion to correct her, but led her round to the other side of the group. But the old lady — so very feeble that her head shook with the fatigue of keeping it erect — had roused Marian's interest and sympathy; and while Aunt Elinor and I were discussing the various orders with which the queen's family were decorated, our little one stole back to the old lady's side, and said, in her most winning tones, "I 'm very sorry I got in your way"; and by way of reparation offered that lady her choice out of a paper of candies.

The old lady did n't so much as look up, and Marian said to herself, "She must be deaf!" and holding the paper of candy right under her nose said, a little louder, "Won't you have some candy? There 's some chocolate creams there, if you have n't any teeth."

Still the old woman went on shaking her trembly hand, and clutching her umbrella with her black-gloved, trembly hand, and took no notice of Marian.

"Maybe she 's blind, too," said Marian, half aloud; and she put her head down close under the old woman's bonnet, and then, taking a pin from her dress, ran it in up to the head in the gloved hand,

and then walked blushingly away, trying to look as if she had known the old woman to be wax all the time, and had been talking to her only for the fun of the thing.

Aunt Elinor and I of course laughed at Marian a little; but bless me! we did n't mean to make her feel so badly, and would n't have done it on any account if we had known how sensitive and mortified the child was. There were two great, round tears rolling down Marian's cheeks before we knew it, and by way of diverting her Aunt Elinor said, —

"See, Marian, how nicely they dress their figures. Here, now, is an elegant camel's-hair shawl on this one, and a bonnet that is quite the latest thing!" And Aunt Elinor put on her eye-glass, and took up a corner of the shawl to admire its fineness, when suddenly the figure turned about, and a lady, blushing very red and looking quite angry, said, —

"If you please, ma'am, I 'd prefer that you let my shawl alone. I 'm no wax figure, ma'am, no more than you are, and I think your remarks is 'ighly himpudent!"

Aunt Elinor now had her turn at blushing, and while she asked the woman's pardon, Marian first began to smile and then began to laugh, and laughed

louder and louder, till you could have heard her all over the place.

Well, after a while Marian became tired, and said she guessed she would go and sit down by the little princess in the cradle, which she admired greatly and quite coveted, it was "*such* a lovely doll-baby of a thing." It was warm, and Marian took off her bonnet and pushed her hair back, and pulled off her little seal-skin jacket, and sat herself down for a good, long look at the wax baby. Then she began thinking, suppose all the people there should suddenly come to life and begin talking, and wondering what they would say. She was so wrapt up in her own fancies that she did n't so much as wink, and did n't take the least notice of what people were saying about her. A lady and gentleman and little boy came up, and the lady said, addressing the boy, —

"Here, Harry, here is the little baby princess I told you of. How do you like it?"

"First-rate," said Harry. "I wish Dick was like it; then he would n't cry if I touched him."

"After all, it 's only wax, and Dick is real. It 's very pretty, but I like Dick much better," said the lady, and turning towards Marian, she said, —

"I suppose this is some other member of the

A LONG LOOK AT THE WAX PRINCESS. — Page 44.

royal family. How plainly she 's dressed for a princess ! "

" They say the queen is a most sensible mother about such things," said the gentleman, " and the child is dressed quite well enough."

" What lovely hair ! " said the lady ; " it 's the most natural thing I 've seen. And just feel how silky it is ! " And she took up one of Marian's curls in her hand.

" Oh ! " said Marian, turning round suddenly. " I was so busy thinking I did n't notice." Whereupon the little boy doubled himself up with laughing, and the gentleman smiled, and the lady, stooping down, said, " You dear little girl, I thought you were wax, and was admiring your hair. I hope you 'll excuse me."

And when Aunt Elinor and I came back to find Marian, there was the lady and the little boy and the gentleman all listening to our little lady, who was telling them how she had been deceived, and how Aunt Elinor had been deceived, and we soon found out that we were all Americans, and were all living at the same hotel, and had all come from the same State ; and we soon became such very good friends that we all went back to the hotel together in a four-

wheeler; and from that time on Harry and Marian went sight-seeing together, and played together, and halved their griefs and doubled their joys together; and "Only think," said Marian, "it was all because Mrs. Ludlow took me for a wax figure!"

Harry and Marian became very good friends after this, Marian assuming a very matronly way with the lad, on account of her being nearly three years older, and showing him a degree of condescension that he was sometimes moved to protest against, in view of his superiority as a boy.

But on the whole the children got along remarkably well together, and their conversations were most amusing. We took them both to that marvellous fairy-land of delight, the Crystal Palace, where tropical plants grow thriftily the year round, where fountains are splashing and murmuring in every direction, where graceful statues stand peeping out from thickets of palm and evergreen, and where beautiful things are gathered together from all parts of the world.

In one part was a little pond, and in it was blooming a water-lily, so big that a little girl was stood up on one of its broad leaves, and in another part they saw an aquarium, in another an aviary full of loud-

mouthed, gay-plumaged birds. They were there all day, and on coming away Marian said,—

"My brain is in a whirl trying to remember all the things, for you know I *must* remember them to explain to that curly-headed little tot of a Harry."

And we took them to the Zoölogical Gardens together, where the animals were good enough to behave their very best for us. The monkeys were never more frisky, and never left off their grotesque gymnastics all the while we were looking at them. The hippopotamus, with an accommodating spirit which to look at him I should never have given him credit for, opened his pink mouth till it looked like a huge cavern lined with shell; and as for the baby hippopotamus, he was that frisky that you'd have thought he was an overgrown kitten. The elephants too! what unlimited cake they condescended to eat from Marian's hand! It was most fascinating to see them tuck it into themselves with their restless, curly trunks. And as for the lions, they made a regular party of it. There was a very grave old lion, with a shaggy mane that looked as if it had n't been combed for a twelvemonth, who sat in a corner of the cage and tried to look dignified, but would once in a while put his newspaper — I mean his paw — before his

face, and give a suppressed roar of a chuckle to see the baby lions play with their mamma's tail; and she, poor creature, having just given the four little cubs their dinners, and washed their faces till they were spick-span clean, was trying to get forty winks of a nap. Of course she could n't do it, and I 'd like to see anybody get a nap with four lion cubs playing about them. Could you?

Oh, it was quite a wonderful day, I assure you, and it made such an impression on Marian that she could not keep it out of her mind.

"Harry," she said, just after dinner, "now don't you talk to me, for I 'm very tired, and I 'm going to lie right down on this sofa and go over all the things we 've seen, in my mind, so I can explain them to you to-morrow."

And Harry, being rather tired, was quiet; and presently Marian, whose eyes were fixed on the chandelier, saw the lighted candles begin to increase and multiply until, instead of ten, there were ten thousand, and instead of a crystal chandelier, there was a vast palace, so high that the stars were gathered under its roof, and its rafters were rainbows. It was beautifully decorated with gigantic palms, which spread their leaves in the sky, and had suns and

moons hung among their branches, where she could see various colored monkeys frisking among the leaves, and every monkey had a gold collar on, to which was attached rows of tinkling silver bells. And stretching across the vast palace was a sunbeam, upon which sat four and twenty thousand birds of all colors and sizes, all of which were trying to learn the multiplication-table in the Hindostanee language, from a very dignified and aged owl, who was perched on the top of a jet of water, and who wore spectacles that were as big and glowed as fiercely as a locomotive lantern.

Of course, all in and out among the trees that grew in this great palace were lions and white mice and elephants and rabbits and hippopotami and guinea-pigs, playing at their own sweet will. Afraid of them? Of course she was n't, for had n't she a pearl-handled umbrella, covered with red, white, and blue silk, with which to defend herself, and were n't Harry and Yang-Hi both there to defend her, and both these young gentlemen armed to the teeth with great bars of red sealing-wax, and spears made of golden-eyed needles?

There was a great lake also, in which one could see white whales sporting beneath the leaves of the

lilies, which lily-leaves were, of course, so big that Marian had a tea-party on one of them, to which all her dolls, having grown to be be-yew-ti-ful young ladies in bridal veils, were all invited, and would have behaved very nicely, had they not continually stopped to skate on the surface of the lake, which, though it was n't exactly frozen, seemed to be very slippery indeed. But just as the dolls had finished supper, there was a voice that went all through the palace, and called, "Marian! Marian!"

"O dear!" said Marian to herself, "must I leave it all so soon? and there 's Uncle Will calling me"; but just then she forgot all about the voice, for the guinea-pigs began to swallow the white mice, and the rabbits swallowed the guinea-pigs, and the foxes came out from the ferns and swallowed the rabbits, and the wolves swallowed the foxes, and the little brown bears swallowed the wolves, and the white bears swallowed the brown bears, and the grizzlies swallowed the white bears, and the tigers swallowed the grizzlies, and the lion swallowed the tigers, and the hippopotamus swallowed the lion, and the elephant swallowed the hippopotamus, and then, picking up Marian with his trunk, marched straight out of the palace with her on his back.

And the elephant suddenly changed to Uncle Will, who had Marian in his arms and was carrying her to her bedroom, and to whom she said, as she nestled her curly head on his shoulder, "O Uncle Will, I've had *such* a dream! and I'll tell you about it to-morrow."

And she did, and I've told it to you, and how do you like it?

CHAPTER IV.

AN UNCROWNED EMPRESS.

INSTEAD of a few days in London, we stayed for weeks. Marian saw no end of beautiful things, and even went so far as to establish a little entertainment of her own on the plan of Madame Tussaud's wax-works, having dressed up her dolls to represent Queen Victoria's court, and made a "torture-chamber," of which the principal features were her crimpers, her tooth-brush, and a very much thumbed spelling-book.

During all her stay Marian had kept a diary, her Aunt Elinor and myself writing in it each night, following exactly, and without comment or correction, the dear child's dictation. Let me give you a few pages of it, because I think Marian described her sight-seeing much more vividly, and certainly more briefly, than I could have done. Here is one: —

"Uncle Will took me to Westminster Abbey, which is a graveyard in a church with painted win-

dows. It is a very large church, and there are a great many very handsome gravestones in it. At one grave Aunt Elinor and Uncle Will both cried. Aunt Elinor cried with her handkerchief, and Uncle Will tried to pretend he was n't crying, but he picked me up and kissed me when I asked him what was the matter — and his cheek was wet. I asked him whose grave it was, and he told me Mr. Dickens was buried there. After that we saw the tombs of lots of queens and kings and princes and folks, but they did n't cry any more. We saw the chair in which the kings and queens of England sit when they 're crowned; and a very uncomfortable time they must have of it, for it 's a dreadfully rough chair, with a paving-stone for a seat. People used to believe that this stone was the one upon which Jacob rested his head when he had the dream about the angels and the ladder, but Uncle Will says it is n't at all likely. I think they ought to paint the chair and put a cushion in it. A good many of the tombs need repairing. Some of them have statues with the noses gone, and a good many have the feet and hands knocked off. Westminster Abbey is a beautiful church, but it was rather shivery."

Here is another extract about the Tower: —

"We went to the Tower of London to-day to see the crown-jewels and other things. A fat man, with a red nose and a purple-and-black uniform, showed us about. He is called a 'beef-eater,' and he looks as if it might be true. There are a good many 'beef-eaters' in the Tower, and they're all fat, and have red noses

That look like roses,
And purple clothes-es,
And gouty toes-es.

The last line is Uncle Will's, the rest is my poetry. The crown-jewels are very handsome, and are kept in a glass case inside of an iron cage. There are four or five crowns and sceptres, and all kinds of beautiful jewelry. An old woman, in a black alpaca dress, shows them off, and talks as fast as a multiplication-table. I *did* want to try a crown on, and asked her, but she only said, 'Won't somebody keep that foolish child still?' I thought it was mean of her, for I should n't have hurt the crown at all. These are the queen's best crowns; I suppose she keeps her every-day crowns in a bureau-drawer where she lives. I should like ever so much to visit the queen, and have crowns and sceptres to play with.

"We saw lots of prisons in the Tower, very 'fraid' sort of places. We saw the place where they used to chop people's heads off, and the axe they did it with, and the block that they did it on. That was years and years ago, but it made Aunt Elinor quite faint to think of it. The Tower is very old, more than seven hundred years, Uncle Will says. We saw a great many suits of iron clothing, called armor, for which I didn't care very much. Some of the suits looked like old sheet-iron stoves, with chimney-pots for hats; and how they ever walked in them I don't know."

That was Marian's version of her visit to the Tower. I don't think she cared much for what she saw, except for the crown-jewels, and her enthusiasm for them was cut short, as she has told you, by the dreadful old chatterbox that shows the treasures. I'm afraid she did not tell you enough about the queen's crown, and so let me add a little bit. It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, set in silver and gold; it has inside, and showing between the bands of jewels, a crimson velvet cap, with an ermine border, and lined with white silk. It must be a very uncomfortable sort of headgear, for it weighs thirty-nine ounces and five

pennyweights Troy. It contains one large ruby, as big as a man's thumb, one large, broad sapphire, that seems to be a bit of crystallized sky, sixteen smaller sapphires, eleven emeralds, that sparkle in vivid green like a dew-wet meadow in springtime, four rubies, that are as red as the blood that has been shed in the dreadful Tower, one thousand three hundred and sixty-three diamonds, that are no brighter than Marian's eyes, one thousand two hundred and seventy-three rose diamonds, one hundred and forty-seven table diamonds, four drop-shaped pearls, and two hundred and seven-three other pearls.

And now I shall take a few lines from Marian's journal, which will form the text for the rest of this chapter: —

"Yesterday we went down to Chislehurst, to see the Empress Eugenie, who is n't an empress any longer, and the Prince Imperial, who hopes, one of these days, to be Emperor of France."

How it came about we need not stop to consider; it is enough that the Prince Imperial, having reached his nineteenth birthday, there was to be a fête at Chislehurst, and we were all invited to it, so started off one March morning for the little Kentish town

where the imperial exiles live. Marian was in high feather; and very sweet she looked in her dainty dress of white, with violet ribbons, for on this occasion every one wishes to wear violet or violets, out of compliment to the empress, who has chosen that sweet flower and color for her own.

The great Charing Cross Station in London was crowded with people going to the same place as ourselves. There were Frenchmen of every class, from the duke to the peasant, and all wearing a nosegay of violets, or carrying a more elaborate offering of the same flower. It was more like a French than an English station, for everybody was speaking the French language, and everybody was much more polite and cheerful than an English crowd would have been under similar circumstances.

"It is quite like a May party," said Marian, as we whirled along above the roofs of the London houses, and out into the open country, and among the green fields, and at last came to the modest little Chislehurst station, where the French and English flags were waving harmoniously side by side.

We found a carriage, and first drove off to the chapel where the dead Emperor is buried, and where a religious service was in progress. Marian

did n't like that part of it, and whispered to me, as they chanted the funeral psalms, —

"I thought we were coming to a fête, and it turns out to be a funeral."

But pretty soon the memorial service was over, and everybody was as smiling and happy as ever. The empress and the Prince Imperial took their carriages for Camden House, and all the crowd followed, cheering, and crying out, "*Vive l'Imperatrice!*" and the sweet-faced empress bowed very graciously to the people who hailed her so earnestly.

At last we came to the gates of Camden Place, and were admitted, after a little crowding; having inscribed our names in the visitors' book, we passed into the spacious grounds. Very fresh and beautiful the park looked on that spring day, and Marian could n't resist the temptation to take a run on the grass. She 'd better not have done it, for she stumbled over a croquet-arch, and fell and greened her dress, and soiled her gloves, and otherwise demoralized her costume.

Pretty soon we came to a large tent, at one end of which was a platform. The tent was full of people, the platform was empty. But after a little while, the great red curtains at the back of it were swung

aside, and there appeared a young man of eighteen, leading a pale-faced, beautiful woman, all in black, but looking proud and happy under her widow's cap. It was the Prince Imperial and his mother.

What a shout went up as they walked to the front of the platform, followed by a line of princes, dukes, and other distinguished men! Marian looked disappointed, and whispered to me, "*She* has n't got on her crown, either."

"She has n't any now," I replied.

"Well, she might have borrowed one of the queen, then," said Marian. "I don't see the use of being an empress if one is n't to wear a crown; and as for the prince, I thought he 'd look like the one in Cinderella."

Marian had other comments to make, but a very grave-looking gentleman began making a speech at the prince and to the people, and then the prince replied to it, and then there was more cheering, and in the midst of it all an old woman, wearing a woollen shawl over her shoulders and another twisted about her head, came forward, and amidst much cheering, went up to the prince and saluted him. She was the leader of the market-women of Paris, and the first person who had kissed the

young prince after his baptism, eighteen years before. Marian's eyes sparkled when she saw this quaint figure, and she evidently thought that all was about to be transformed into fairy-tale reality, for she asked me in a whisper if that was "the fairy godmother."

After the services in the tent, the empress and the prince, whom the enthusiastic Frenchmen now hailed as emperor, went into the house, where there was a reception. Everybody was presented to the imperial people, and Marian among the rest. We put on our "company faces," and looked very solemn and dignified, Aunt Elinor and I; but Marian, she just walked up to the empress, and looking up into her beautiful, tender eyes, said, "I like you even better than the queen!"

O Marian! Why will you say everything that comes into your mind?

The empress did n't seem to heed what Marian had said, but bent down, and took one of her golden curls in her hand, and asked her about her dolls, and I don't know what else she would have said, had not Marian spied a kitten on the lawn, and broken away before we knew what she was about. Presently she came running in with

the kitten in her arms, and exclaiming, "Isn't she just a lovely kitty?" Whereupon the great ladies and the noble gentlemen all smiled, while we withdrew in some confusion, and Marian, all unconscious of having overstepped any bounds of etiquette, began humming a kitten-song, and looked very well contented with herself and the world generally.

After the reception there was a luncheon, at which everybody drank everybody else's health, and toasted the imperial entertainers with a right good-will. By the time luncheon was well over, the shadows lay long on the grass, and we turned our steps to the station. On our way there, we met several of the Chislehurst people, and learned from them how tenderly and lovingly the empress is regarded in the neighborhood. She *has* been like a good angel to the poor thereabouts. She never hears of a case of want without an attempt to relieve it. She is the friend of the Queen of England, and the people approve the friendship. She speaks English perfectly, and to her neighbors has been always kind and affable. So these strong-headed, loyal English people have learned a phrase of French, and when they shout, "God save the Queen!" supplement it with another cry, quite new

to English lips, and raise their voices in a hearty, "*Vive l'Imperatrice!*"

On our way up to London we met in the train a gentleman connected with the household of one of the English princes. After talking a good deal about the downfall of the imperial throne of France, he told us a good many anecdotes of the English royal family, one of which I may relate here without any impropriety, as it is known and repeated in every home in England. Marian was very much amused by it, and laughed at it till the tears rolled down her cheeks.

It seems that once at Balmoral the queen had for guests the little folks belonging to the Prince of Wales, and one day, when they were all having a pleasant family tea-party, with a few friends dropped in, little Prince Leopold was seized with a spasm of bad behavior, which called for a severe reprimand from his royal grandmother, and quite shocked his pretty Aunt Beatrice. The queen spoke to him pretty severely, but it made no difference; he behaved worse and worse, until finally she said, "Now, Master Leopold, you have been so naughty that I shall punish you. You must go under that centre-table and stay there till you can be a good boy."

So little Leopold hid his five-year-old self under the long cloth, which came nearly to the floor all round, and became very quiet. After a little while the queen said, "Now, Leopold, are you good?"

"No, grandmother," answered the little prince.

After five minutes she repeated the question.

And Leopold repeated the same answer.

Another five minutes.

"Now are you good?" asked the queen.

"Yes, grandmother," in a very sweet and good-natured voice.

"Then you may come out."

And out came Master Prince Leopold, beaming and lovable, but not so much as a thread of clothes to cover his little royal body, and his eyes fairly sparkling with mischief.

Was n't he wrapped up in a shawl and carried out in a hurry! And the queen,—well, the queen smiled; for though he was very naughty, was n't he her dear little grandson, and how could she help it?

CHAPTER V.

MARIAN VISITS THE POPE.

THE acquaintance that Marian made with little Harry Ludlow proved a very happy thing for her and for all of us. We found Mr. and Mrs. Ludlow very agreeable people, and as for Marian and Harry, they were together so much and were so fond of each other that we called them "the little lovers."

One day when Aunt Elinor and I were dressing to go out to dinner, and the door stood open between our room and the sitting-room, we heard the following conversation: —

"Marian, can you read?"

"Of course I can," said Marian, "if the words are not too big."

"Well, how big words can you read?" asked Harry.

"I can read words of seven letters easy enough," replied Marian.

"Um," said Harry, "that ain't much. I know a girl who can read the whole Ten Commandments as fast as anything."

Marian thought that perhaps she might read them, but as to reading them fast she was afraid she could n't, so she made no reply, but turned the subject aside by asking Harry if *he* could read.

"Some," replied Harry.

"How much?" asked Marian.

"Words of one letter," replied Harry.

"There are no words of one letter," said Marian, laughing.

"Yes, there is," said Harry, regardless of grammar. "There is A: don't you say *a* fly and *a* boy?"

"So you do," said Marian, catching quickly at Harry's idea; "and there 's B — honey-*bee* and bumble-*bee*, don't you know?"

"And *be* quiet and *be* good," called out Aunt Elinor from our room.

"B spells two words," said Harry.

"And so does C," said Marian, "the *sea* we came over, *see* there, or *see* here.

"D don't spell anything though," continued Marian.

"Yes, it does," I said, "it spells the name of a river up in Scotland."

"Fiddle-dee-*dee!*" laughed out Aunt Elinor.

"What does E spell?" shouted Marian. "Is n't it fun, Harry, to hear Uncle Will and Aunt Elinor play too?"

"One E does n't spell anything in English that I know of, but something might be done with it in Scotch, 'and dark blue was her *ee*,' said I."

"Oh, you 've put in two of them," said Aunt Elinor, "and that makes *ease*."

"Good!" I said, "but F we 'll have to pass over, and G too, I 'm afraid."

"*Gee* to a horse," called out Marian.

"H we 'll let alone, being in England," I said, "and go along to I."

"I is easy," said Harry, "I 've learned that," putting his chubby forefinger into his great black *eye* and shouting out the name of that organ.

"*Ay, ay!*" laughed Aunt Elinor.

"J?" said I.

"Blue *jay*," answered Marian quickly.

"K?"

"*Quai*," answered Aunt Elinor's maid, who by this time had begun to understand what we were about.

"L?"

"The *ell* to a house," said Marian.

"M?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, what we can spell with M," said Aunt Elinor, "unless it is our dear, good Cousin 'Em.'"

"N?" said I.

"We'll learn that *en répose*," chimed in Aunt Elinor, proud of her French and regardless of the fact that even in a game such a dreadful pun was not allowable. No wonder that the maid cried "*Oh!*" and then tried to look as if she had n't opened her lips, and to put an end to her embarrassment and help along the alphabet, I said, — .

"Really, Elinor, we 're taking the fun quite out of the children's hands. There they sit wondering at us, as quiet as two *peas* in a pod."

I had no sooner said this than that wicked maid, Victorine, asked demurely, —

"Will madam have her hair done *en queue?*"

"With R really I'm afraid we can do nothing in the way of spelling a word," I said.

"*Are* you?" asked Marian.

"Perfectly sure," I replied; "and we'll leave S also."

"At least till after *tea*," said Aunt Elinor.

"*You* said T yourself, you said T yourself, Aunt Elinor!" shouted Marian.

"So did *you*," cried Harry.

But none of us could spell anything with V, — for not one of us would consent that *five* was legitimate spelling, and we 'd already had two U's, which certainly made W, and so passed on to X.

"*Why* not call it *ten?*" asked Aunt Elinor.

"Because," I said, "we would n't call V five."

And so we ended up with Z, and it was dinner-time, and Aunt Elinor was dressed, and Mr. and Mrs. Ludlow came in to go out to dinner with us, and we felt we 'd had a right good game with Marian and Harry.

And "Really Harry," said Marian, "I 'd no idea how many words one could spell with one letter apiece."

It was that very same evening that Mr. Ludlow told us that he was going to leave immediately for Rome and take little Harry away from us.

"You see," said he, "we have only a few months to remain in Europe, the weather will soon be getting very warm in Rome, and we think we had better hasten on there, and take in Paris on our way back;

besides," he said, "by going now we can end up our Roman holiday in Easter week, and that is the very best time of the year in which to see Rome."

We thought Mr. Ludlow's plan a very sensible one, so sensible, indeed, that we concluded to adopt it for ourselves; and so a few days afterward we were all crossing the channel and bound for Rome.

The channel was dreadful,—it always is. Oh, the dreadful tossings of that journey! Oh, the wretched little crowded boats and the uncomfortable shaking about that the sea gave us! Marian clapped her hands with delight at the idea of a water voyage, but had no sooner left the Dover dock than she began to have a very uncomfortable feeling, and was soon as ill as the rest.

A steward began handing round basins as soon as we were fairly out, and when he handed Marian one she coolly said, "No, I thank you. I don't wish to wash now."

Whereupon the steward smiled and said, "You'd better take it, against you need it," and left it by Marian's side.

And we did all need our basins before we reached France, for we were all very ill, and walked through

the fog at the Calais landing as abject and dispirited a group of beings as you can imagine.

But the custom-house revived us. A very stupid official, with more gold-lace on his clothes than sense in his head, came to examine our trunks. With peculiar shrewdness he asked Aunt Elinor if she had any liquors or cigars in her trunk, and questioned Marian as to fire-arms and gunpowder. One by one they were opened, — all but Marian's. The official pointed to that, whereupon Marian assumed a very decided look, and said it should not be opened.

The officer looked suspicious.

"Come, Marian," I said, "give me the key."

"No, Uncle Will, I'd rather not," said Marian in a tone that meant "will not," and she grasped the key firmly in her hand. You know she wore it on the ribbon round her neck.

"Marian, give it to Uncle Will this instant!" said Aunt Elinor, sternly.

"O Aunt Elinor, I can't!" said Marian, in whose eyes the tears began to appear.

"What has mademoiselle in her trunk?" said the official pompously, and evidently expecting that he should awe the child into a confession of having a

trunk full of all kinds of contraband goods. Marian looked him straight in the face, and answered boldly: —

"I have my children, monsieur, and I can't open the trunk for they 're right on top — *and not one of them dressed!*"

Instead of being satisfied with this confession, the man looked sterner and more stupid still, and said he begged all our pardons, but in the name of the law he must open the trunk.

At last we persuaded Marian to give up the key, and the trunk was opened only to reveal a row of very innocent dolls, all in their nightgowns, and several of them with their hair twisted up in tea-leads with a view to coming out glorious in Paris.

"It is all right," said the official as coolly as if we had n't made each other an unnecessary amount of trouble, and shutting down the lid, put a mark on to the trunk that passed it along to Paris.

Then we went to a very cheerful and comfortable hotel for a lunch, and were no sooner seated at the table than Marian said, "How funny! All the waiters speak French and don't understand English at all. They 're all foreigners, I suppose!"

"No, we are the foreigners, Marian."

"O Uncle Will, you must be joking; you know we 're Americans."

"Yes, but then we 're out of our own country, and when *we* go to another country, *we 're* foreigners."

"O dear!" said Marian, looking rather sad. "I did n't think I should ever live to be a foreigner, and I don't like it."

But the little one soon became reconciled to her position, in fact became too tired to heed anything about it, as for days and days, hardly stopping to rest at all, we sped on to Rome.

At last we were in the old, old city; and we lingered there and "sight saw," as Marian said, to our heart's content. Of course Marian wanted most to see the Pope.

She had heard Bridget, our good, homely Bridget, tell what a great man the Pope was, and how grandly he lived, and what power he wielded, and she wanted to see him.

She had seen his palace, the great, wide stretch of buildings, so full of treasures of beauty, and she had also seen his church, the noble St. Peter's Church, with its dome so big and so high that it seems to fold in a part of the sky. She could n't quite understand *how* it was the Pope's church, when "he did n't

preach there"; but still, everybody said it was, and so she took it for granted with the rest. She was a sturdy little ignorant Protestant, and persisted in calling the great altar "the pulpit," and could n't see, for the life of her, why people wet their fingers and crossed themselves when they went in and out; but then she said, —

"It 's the Pope's church and I suppose he wants 'em too, and so they do it."

But when she had seen the Vatican with its pictures and St. Peter's with *its* pictures, and walked round the church in just fourteen minutes by Uncle Will's watch, and had been shown the Pope's robes all studded with precious stones, — even then she did n't feel satisfied: she had n't seen the Pope.

At last, there came a big envelope to the hotel, and inside, on a piece of letter-paper four times as big as this page, was a permission for the writer and Miss Marian Vale to have an audience with the Pope.

"Now," said I, "Marian, you 'll see His Holiness."

It was a sunshiny day when we drove into the great square in front of St. Peter's Church, and pulled up at the door of the Vatican.

Marian was dressed all in black, the invitation

said she must be, and fortunately she had n't outgrown her black velvet dress, though the weather was rather warm for it. Then she had on her head a black lace veil, that half hid her sunny curls, and made her look like a little Spanish señorita, — you see, every lady must go veiled to the Vatican,— and round her neck she had a little mosaic cross, which she was going to have blessed and take home to Bridget.

We alighted from the carriage, and were received by a soldier of the Swiss Guards, who carried a long-handled axe that they call a halberd, and who was dressed in a suit that looked as Joseph's coat must have looked when it was bran new. It was red and orange and black, from top to toe, and very graceful and pretty.

He was to show us to the Pope's apartments. Up and up and up we went, till Marian had counted two hundred and thirty-five steps; and then he halted before a great gilded door, and slammed the but of his halberd down on the floor, as a signal, and the great door was opened for us.

It was opened by a very magnificent man, a tall, broad-shouldered fellow in crimson velvet and brocade, who led us into the *ante-chambre*. "The

Pope's front entry," Marian called it, when she told her cousin Maud about it.

There were ever so many of these splendidly dressed men walking about, and Marian could hardly believe it when I told her they were servants. She thought they must be princes at the very least, and had a strong feeling in favor of their being kings. One of these footmen led us through the *ante-chambre*, hardly giving us time to look at its walls, which were painted with beautiful pictures and gilded like Aladdin's palace. At last he brought us to a heavy curtain of crimson, swung it aside: we passed under it, and into a long, narrow room with rows of chairs on each side and one arm-chair at the end.

Here it was that we were to wait for Pius IX, the head of the Roman Catholic Church.

There were some other people there, and everybody was in their best clothes and on their best behavior, and looking very solemn and uncomfortable.

Pretty soon the curtain was swung aside again, and a group of gentlemen came in, some of them in robes of red, some of them in robes of purple, and some in sombre black. In the midst of them was a little old man, all in white, except that his shoes were red, and this was the Pope.

He was a very old man, his shoulders were bent and he walked with a stick; but he had such a good face. It was beaming with smiles, and his deep gray eyes looked so full of love and tenderness that one could n't help "loving back," as Marian told me afterwards.

Everybody paid the Pope the greatest of reverence, — all kneeling down to receive the old man's blessing and some even kissing the ring on his finger.

When he approached us, we knelt as the rest had done, and pretty soon he had his hand resting on Marian's curls, and they were talking away as if they had known each other for years.

"So you came from America, my little daughter? and what brought you to Rome?" said the Pope.

"We came to see you," resumed Marian, "and you look exactly like my grandfather, and I like you."

I looked at Marian, — gave her a look that meant "Silence!" but it was no use.

"And do you like Rome as well as America?" asked His Holiness.

"Oh, no, sir, but I like your church very much. We 've been there several times, but you did n't preach and we were afraid we should n't see you."

The Pope looked much amused, and seeing the cross on Marian's neck, took it in his hand and asked, "And have you brought this to be blessed?"

"Oh, yes,—I nearly forgot,—it is for Bridget; and just wait a minute. I've got my China doll in my pocket. Maybe you'd like to see her."

As true as you live, Marian had brought her last new China doll, and the Pope took it in his hands, and said how pretty it was, and then returning it passed on with an admonition to Marian always to be a good child, and with a good-by that sounded very much like anybody else's good-by to a sweet little girl.

All the conversation had taken place in French, which Marian speaks even better than she does English.

Then the Pope went to the end of the room where he had entered, and there said a few good words, and blessed all the people.

After that we went as we came, and in due course of time Bridget got her precious cross; and as long as Marian lives she'll keep the China doll that the Pope once had in his hands as a very pleasant souvenir of her visit to the Vatican and her audience with Pius IX.

CHAPTER VI.

STILL IN ROME. MARIAN FIGHTS UNDER GARIBALDI.

OH, those Roman days, how much we all enjoyed them! Aunt Elinor divided her enthusiasm between the ruins, the art galleries, and the shops. Marian and Harry did n't care very much for the ruins or the galleries, but they did enjoy the parks and gardens, and the queer costumes of the peasants. Then there were ever so many fountains in our neighborhood, and their basins made such excellent places for sailing miniature boats that our rooms at the hotel were turned into boat-building and boat-rigging establishments, and our two little folks hardly ever went out by themselves to play without coming back with wet cuffs. And if it had only been wet cuffs we should n't have minded at all, but there comes back to me, as I write, the memory of one or two of Marian's adventures that gave us a good deal of uneasiness at the time they happened, and which Marian allows me to tell, on condition

that I add that "she is dreadfully sorry and will never, never do so again."

There was a shady square in front of our hotel, and in this square was a fountain. The square was a pretty safe place, and Marian and Harry had full permission to play there, with an understanding that they should n't go out of sight of the hotel. But one day there came along a very strong temptation in the shape of an extraordinary hand-organ, with dancing figures in front of it and a monkey on top. It did n't play in the square, but turned into a side street, and Marian and Harry both followed it. It actually played "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia," and Marian was so delighted that she followed it down one street and up another, until an hour or two had gone by, and she had fairly lost her way back to the hotel. She first realized the fact by hearing Harry say, "Marian, I will *not* go another step. I 'm tired out. Let 's go back."

Then Marian looked about her, and discovered that she did n't know the way back. There were great, high houses all about the children, and the streets were very dirty, and the people a very coarse kind of people; and there they were, without a word of Italian to help them, and nobody knows how far

away from home. The tears came in Marian's eyes. "O Harry," she said, "what shall we do!"

"I don't know," answered Harry, who had a great mind to cry, but choked back the tears, and added bravely, "Let's sit down here on these steps and think. I ain't afraid — are you, Marian?"

"A little," said Marian, and looked as if she meant very much.

"Perhaps somebody will come along who can speak French or English, and then we can ask them the way back," said Harry.

"Perhaps," said Marian, who had some misgivings, but was so very warm and tired that she was glad to get any excuse for sitting down and resting.

They waited a long while, and nobody passed by who spoke English or French, and so they concluded they would walk on, and keep walking till they came to some familiar place. After a little while, Harry, who had been limping pitifully, said,

"Marian, my shoe hurts me, and I can't walk any more."

"O dear! you're too big for me to carry. What shall we do?"

"I might take it off," said Harry.

"So you might."

AT THE FOUNTAIN OF TREVI. — Page 81.

And Harry pulled off his shoes, and stockings too, and pattered along barefooted over the cool, shady pavements.

"It feels first-rate," said he, after a little. "Take yours off, Marian."

So Marian, whose feet were aching too, pulled off her shoes and stockings. At first the novelty of going barefooted pleased her, but pretty soon her tender little toes would stub, and the sharp gravel began to hurt her so that she was ready to cry. Then they came to a square with a fountain, and a great basin with steps going down to it.

"I know this place," said Marian. "It is where people come to wish themselves back before they go away from Rome. We 're not far from home, now, if we only knew the way. Let us stop and bathe our feet here, and maybe some Americans will come along, and we can ask them."

So the little folks put their shoes and stockings on the top step, and went down and put their feet into the water. It was the Fountain of Trevi, but, with all its luck-giving qualities, it seemed to be a rather unlucky place for the children. For, in an ecstasy of splashing, when Marian had kicked the water into a perfect froth, her feet slipped on the slimy step, and

down she went into the basin. It was n't very deep, and she soon scrambled out, dripping from head to foot, her clothes clinging to her in a most uncomfortable way; and her new Roman sash, limp and untied, was anything but a glory to her now.

Harry lifted up his voice and howled till a crowd began to gather around, and Marian, sore at heart and uncomfortable of body, felt as if life was a very hollow mockery indeed. The crowd that gathered began to talk as fast as ever they could and as loud as ever they could, asking Marian all kinds of questions, and when she did n't understand their language, asking them the louder, as if the little one was deaf.

"Oh," sobbed Marian, "this is dreadful! I'll never follow an organ again, — never. O Uncle Will! Uncle Will! where are you? Won't you come to your poor little Marian?"

And while all this was going on we had missed our little folks, and had started out to find them, Mr. Ludlow taking the streets on one side of the hotel, and I on the other. My way led me by the Fountain of Trevi, and the street was so narrow there, and the crowd so dense, that I could hardly get along with the carriage I had taken. We had to stop two

or three times, and the coachman felt obliged to do a good deal of swearing and shouting and gesticulating to make the crowd separate for us to pass. At last a passageway was made, and it was just as we were driving off that I heard that dear, sweet little voice I knew so well crying out, "Won't you come to your poor little Marian?"

How I bounded out of the carriage and separated that crowd, and flew down the steps and caught up our darling, all wet and dripping as she was, and how she nestled her head upon my shoulder and sobbed softly there, so pitifully that the tears came into my own eyes, and I could hardly see to pick up Harry, though I could hear him well enough, for he raised his voice and spared not, I can assure you! Of course the shoes and stockings had disappeared, and as we drove away I saw a peasant boy fishing in the fountain's basin for Marian's hat. I don't know whether he got it or not, but I do know that the lesson Marian learned that day was worth the loss of a hundred hats.

Aunt Elinor and Mrs. Ludlow were at the door to receive us. They had been crying, but they smiled through their tears when they saw our little barefooted runaways; and it was no punishment to either

Marian or Harry that they had to go straight off to bed, for they were fairly tired out.

The next morning was chilly and cold, and we had a fire on the hearth. In came Marian and Harry to breakfast, as bright and happy as if they had forgotten all about their trials of the day before. But they had n't; for they brought in a basket of little boats between them, and began laying them on the coals. There were little boats with sails and little boats without sails, and boats painted and boats unpainted; there were mere chips of skiffs, and there were gondolas that had exhausted the contents of my inkstand to make them black like the real gondolas. One by one they were thrown into the fire, and when the last was in ashes Marian came running to me and said, "Now kiss me, Uncle Will; we 've burnt up the navy, and we 're not going to play in the fountains any more. We don't like them at all; and as for hand-organs and monkeys, I never want to see one again, never!"

When we were finishing breakfast Marian looked up and asked, as she asked every morning, "What are we going to do to-day, Uncle Will?"

"To-day, my pet, we 're going to visit a lion."

"A what?"

"A lion."

"O Uncle Will! you're joking."

"No, I'm in earnest. We're going to visit the Lion of Magenta, in other words, we're going to see General Garabaldi."

"Oh! that's different. A man is n't a lion."

"But they call this man a lion because he is so brave."

"Tell us all about him," said Marian.

So I told them, first about the little Italian boy baby that was born at Nice about seventy years ago, and how his parents thought it a very lucky thing that he should have been born on our national birthday, the Fourth of July. I told them all I had ever heard of Guiseppe's boyhood; how he had always been a leader among his playmates, and even when a mere child had performed many feats of valor; how once, when the family washerwoman, who was scrubbing clothes at the river, had fallen in, the little Guiseppe had rescued her at the risk of his own life, and had been publicly commended for his presence of mind. I told them how he entered the service of his country, and fought bravely in many a battle, until he became the idol of the people, and a general among his soldiers, and how at last, when Rome

came to strike a blow for liberty, General Garibaldi's voice was loudest and his arm strongest for the precious cause. I told them how he marched victorious at the head of the Italian troops when they entered Rome, and how the people hailed him as the savior of their liberties, and showered flowers upon him until his horse stood ankle-deep in them; how he came to be the friend of the king, and how now he had come to Rome to live as the most honored citizen in the famous city; and I said, "To-day we'll go and see this great man, and Marian shall wear her sash of Italian colors, and Aunt Elinor and I will take a bouquet of flowers for the veteran."

So we started out in high feather for the villa of General Garibaldi, which is just beside the military parade-ground, and outside the walls of Rome. The country was very beautiful that day; the grass very green, the sky very blue, and the flowers very bright.

After half an hour's drive we came to a modest villa surrounded by a pretty garden, and inside the court-yard we found several carriages waiting, for the general has a great many visitors.

We rung the bell of the house, and it was opened

by a fat, red-faced man in a cook's cap and apron. In fact, he was the cook and the footman and the general's valet and housekeeper, all rolled into one, — an old servant who has been long with Garibaldi, and assumes a great many privileges in consequence.

"Can we see General Garibaldi?" I asked.

"No, monsieur," he answered. "The general is much engaged at present."

"But," I said, "we have letters of introduction from some of the general's friends in America, and were bidden to come any forenoon that suited us."

"It makes no difference," said the cook.

"The least you can do," I said, "is to take my card to the general, and ask him when he will receive us."

"I could n't even do that."

Now, you see, I had heard of this old cook before. I knew very well what he wanted, so I took out a five-franc piece and handing it with my card, said, "I 'll leave the card for the general, and this is for detaining you so long here," and we turned to go.

"Stay, monsieur! If monsieur and madame choose to wait a few moments, — only a very few moments, — I think the general will be at leisure. Will the party have the kindness to walk up stairs?

What lovely children! American children are always so lovely. The general adores children!" And the servant led the way up stairs.

"What made him change so?" asked Marian.

"Money, my darling. Money makes men change very often."

He took us to a little reception-room, very sparsely furnished, and bade us wait while he carried our card to the general. Pretty soon he came back, and said the general wished to see us at once, and in we went.

Seated at the end of a dining-table was General Garibaldi. He rose with some difficulty to welcome us, for he was very much drawn up by rheumatism, and could n't walk without the aid of a crutch. He was dressed just as we always see him in his pictures, — a red flannel shirt, an embroidered smoking-cap, and gray trousers. We had letters from two of his old generals, and we were received very warmly. Beside him stood an immense black shaggy dog, upon whose head he often rested his hand as he spoke. We had a very pleasant talk with the great Italian, but it did n't interest Harry and Marian much, because, you see, they did n't care about Italian politics or the improvements in Rome.

They went to the open window and looked out into the garden, where were four or five children, relations and neighbors of General Garibaldi. Pretty soon I heard Marian cry out, "Toss it up here!" and she had hardly gotten the words out of her mouth before a great rubber ball came flying into the room.

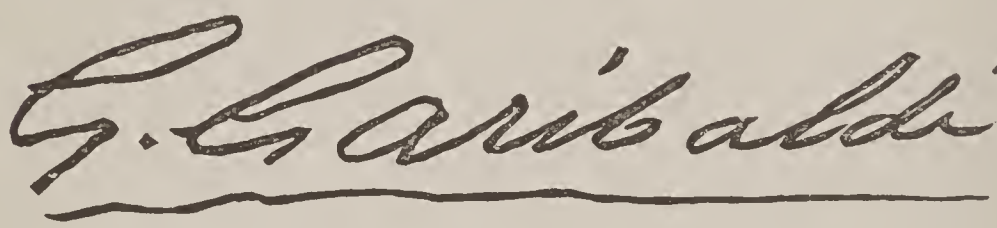
"Halloo!" said the general. "It is like old times, throwing balls into my window. We must defend ourselves."

Going to the sideboard he brought a huge dish of oranges and said, "There's ammunition. Fire back!"

And the way in which Marian and Harry pelted the young folks in the garden with the golden fruit made things lively, I can assure you. When the ammunition was all exhausted our little folks had to go down and help the general's little folks eat up the cannon-balls. And when we were ready to go they had all become so friendly down below that with joined hands they were going round in a ring to the Italian version of "On the carpet here we stand."

They all kissed each other good-by with sweet, childlike earnestness, and Marian carries, among her

most precious souvenirs, the picture of the patriot, under which he wrote, with his trembling hand, the magic signature,



CHAPTER VII.

THE DEAR CHILD WRITES A LETTER.

"MY PRECIOUS LULU:—

"We're in Rome, where the beautiful Roman sashes come from, and where we've had a very good time. I've had some very pretty Roman sashes, and the prettiest one I spoiled by getting it wet. There are beautiful fountains here in Rome; but if you ever come here, you'd better not wade in them, for the shores are very slippery. We have a little boy in our party, named Harry Ludlow. He is very amusing, but being only five, is a great care to me.

"We go every day to see ruins, and the one we like best is the Coliseum. It is a splendid place for playing hide-and-seek. It was once a circus, where they used to have horse-races and man-fights, and keep a great many very savage lions and tigers, and other wild animals. They used to feed them with Christians. Your father will tell you all about it.

We had a game down there, Harry and I. We made a lot of men of figs and raisins and wire; a raisin pinched up for the head, a fig for the body, and raisins strung on wires for the legs and arms. We took them down to the Coliseum with us, and set them up near the old lion-cages, and then Harry and I went into the cages to spring out on to them and eat them up. We should have had a great time, but some little dirty Italian boys, who were watching us, pounced on to the Christians first, and ran away with them, up among the arches, and stood there and made faces at us, with the legs and the arms of our Christians sticking out of their mouths. Harry cried, and I laughed at him, and told him he was no kind of a lion to cry like that. He said he was n't crying, he was only roaring.

"Every day, nearly, we go to drive to Monte Pincio, which is a park on a high hill, where a band plays every fine day. A few days ago we were there, and a beautiful carriage came driving up, and stopped right beside ours. The coachman and the footman both had on long red coats, that reached most to their feet, and had ever so much gold-lace on their hats. There was a very nice lady in the carriage, and a lovely little boy about four years old.

I held up my doll for him to look at it, and he wanted to take it. I asked Aunt Elinor to let me get out and walk a little, and I ran up to the carriage and handed it to him. He was as pleased as Punch, and the lady looked pleased, too, and thanked me in Italian, and then spoke to me in French, and asked me if I was an English girl. I told her I was an American, and then I wanted my doll again. The little boy did n't want to give it up, but his mother made him, and then I started to go back to our carriage. And what do you think, Lulu? The beautiful lady said something to the red footman, and he took me up and carried me back to Aunt Elinor, and all the people stared at us as if we had been princes, at the very least.

"Afterwards we drove off; and I bowed to the little boy, and he pulled a camellia out of his mother's bouquet, and threw it into our carriage, and threw a kiss after it with his pretty little chubby hand, and his mamma bowed, and the people stared the harder; and when we were well out of hearing Aunt Elinor asked our coachman who it was. He said, looking very proud, —

"'It was our Princess Margherita and the little Prince Royal.'

"We met them again the next day, and I did n't dare hardly to look up; but I did. And the little sweet dumpling of a Prince took off his hat and bowed beautifully, and his mother bowed, and it was lovely.

"And, Lulu, we've seen such a funeral! The Princess Bonbonia died the other day, and as she was a very rich princess, and a very good princess, and left ever so much money to pay for her funeral, they had a splendid one. It was in the night, and the procession was more than two miles long. There were carriages by the hundred, and there were priests and monks, which are men that wear dresses like women, and go barefooted, and shave their heads, and try to keep good by shutting themselves up away from all the wickedness they can. There were thousands of little children from the charity schools, and there were lots of regular funeral men, who wear long gowns with hoods that cover their whole heads, all but a place for the eyes. Everybody carried a lighted candle, and the grease was dripping everywhere. It was very much like a torch-light procession. We got a good many ideas from seeing it, and Harry and I had a funeral a few days after, which I'll tell you about.

"When we were waiting for a train at Calais, I found a cocoon in the hotel garden, and we brought it with us to Rome; and we bought a plant, and put the cocoon under the leaves in the window; one morning it was broken open, and there was a lovely yellow and black butterfly fluttering over it. We called him Gold-wing, and kept him ever so many days; and every night I would put him to bed on a rose-bud, and he would n't move till the next day.

"One morning I went to look for him, and he was lying dead on a breakfast-plate, his beautiful wings folded up, and his head drawn down on his velvet breast, and his powdered legs all kind of tangled up. I burst out crying, and should have cried a good while, only Harry came in and jumped right up and down with joy, and said, —

"'Now, Marian, we 've got something dead! We can have a funeral!'

"I was glad to have the funeral, but I was so sorry for Goldy! I don't think, Lulu, that boys are as feeling as girls. But the funeral was very consoling, so we took our beautiful dead Gold-wing to get him ready. Harry brought a pill-box to put him in, but I would n't have it. I said, 'No, Harry, my

beautiful Gold-wing shall never be buried in a pill-box.' And I took a little gilt candy-box that I had, and we put our precious pet in that, and laid a rose-leaf under him, and covered him with a pansy, and put a primrose under his pretty head. He looked so sweet that I could n't help crying again. Then we put a sheet over each of our heads, and took a chamber candle, and marched very solemnly into the hotel-garden, and laid Goldy under an oleander-bush, in a hole which we dug with a tea-spoon. I cried, of course, and just after we 'd got Goldy in, Harry broke out as loud as he could cry. I said, —

"'Never mind, Harry, we 've buried Goldy in good style, and we can't do any more. After all, he was only a butterfly.'

"I don't care anything about your old butterfly,' said Harry. 'I 've burned my fingers with the candle!'

"Boys are so heartless, Lulu. I felt like slapping him. But Harry is young, and can't be expected to behave. I can forgive him for not caring for the butterfly, but he went and dug up the candy-box afterwards, and won't tell me what he did with Goldy; *that* I can't forgive him for.

"Now I must close, Lulu, because Uncle Will is tired of writing for me. Only I forgot to tell you that Harry and I have each had a present of a pair of roller skates from an American gentleman who deals in them, and who is at our hotel. We 're getting on splendidly. Harry rolled himself down the hotel stairs yesterday, and cut his lip; and my head is pretty bumpy, but they 're all under my hair, and don't show. Good by, Lulu.

"From your loving

"MARIAN."

The parlor skates afforded great pleasure to both Harry and Marian, and they learned after a while to get round very well on them; but there was a time when we wished that the children had never had them, and I 'll tell you about it.

We used to go very often to the Quirinal Palace, where the king lives, and where Aunt Elinor was copying some designs from the beautiful porcelain there.

Marian and Harry used to go with us, and wander about by themselves, under a solemn promise that they would n't touch anything. They were very good, and kept their word, and the custodians, or

servants, came to know the little ones, and to become rather fond of them.

But one day they lost their good name, and brought us all to shame.

Aunt Elinor and I were in a little cabinet that opens out of the great banqueting-hall, and Harry and Marian had left us to count the figures in the inlaid floor of that magnificent apartment. Pretty soon Aunt Elinor looked up and said, "Will, what is that noise?"

"It sounds," I said, "like something rolling."

"Moving something about on casters, I guess," remarked Aunt Elinor.

"Well, they 're a long while about it, for I have heard it for the last ten minutes."

"Rearranging the furniture, perhaps," I suggested, and went to look.

There, on the polished floor, so smooth that it looked like glass, were Miss Marian and Master Harry, gliding about like fairies on a frozen lake. And just as I entered, a fat, red-faced, puffy custodian, in a scarlet coat, came strutting in. He stood for a moment in amazement! Who was it dared to skate in the king's palace? Such a thing had never been heard of, in Rome or anywhere else! He was

fairly staggered for a few seconds; but he soon recovered himself sufficiently to start for the little folks.

My, he could n't catch them! He slipped and floundered on the wax floor, and finally came down with a great bump that fairly made the chandeliers jingle.

By this time, two more red-coated servants had come in, and they soon had the little folks caught, and were dragging them off somewhere or other, when I interposed.

Of course no explanations of mine would satisfy them, and we had, all of us, to go before a police justice, and I don't know what would have happened but for an Italian friend who had great influence with the chamberlain of the palace, and who secured our release.

We went home very crestfallen, I can tell you, and I overheard Harry whisper to Marian, as we went along, —

"It is all your fault, Marian! You would take the skates! If you 'd have only taken my ten-pins, as I wanted you to, we would n't have got into trouble."

So, after all, we had only escaped ten-pins to be wrecked on parlor skates!

And one was as bad as the other, as either would have led to losing the privilege of visiting the palace; and as it was, Aunt Elinor's unfinished studies of porcelain are a souvenir of the day when Marian skated in the king's house.

SKATING IN THE KING'S HOUSE. — Page 100.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CITY OF THE SEA.

"MY!" said Marian, when we arrived in Venice, "this is a funny place. All the streets are rivers, and all the people who ride in carriages go in boats!" And she lay back upon the capacious cushions of the gondola, and after thinking very deeply for a while, asked if somebody would n't pinch her a little, "Just to make me sure I 'm not dreaming," she said.

No wonder the dear child thought she was dreaming, for nowhere else on the face of the earth is a city like Venice. All in and out among the houses are wide canals, and people go about their daily business and pleasures, not in cabs or coaches, but in long black boats, with little "cubby-holes" of cabins, and a man standing up behind to row them. There is no sound of traffic, no hum of voices, no clattering of hoofs, no songs of birds, — only the

hardly audible murmur of the coming and going tides, and the dip and drip of oars.

Thers are some streets with shops, but they are so narrow and so gloomy that nobody wants to go into them, and there is one great broad square, where the people love to idle away the time when they 're not in the gondolas. There are old palaces rising straight out of the water, and churches all ablaze with mosaics and gilding and painting and many-colored marbles. But I won't tell you any more about Venice, except such things as connect themselves with Marian's stay there, for you can find long descriptions in guide-books and encyclopædias.

The great Square of St. Mark's was Marian's favorite play-place in Venice. Such a place for games! Not the least danger from horses, because, you see, there is only one horse in Venice, and they keep that one in the Zoölogical Garden, for a curiosity. Then the doves! such flocks of them as are there! There are demure purple doves, and pure white doves, and mottled doves. They brood over the old city and coo in the shadows of the palaces, and every day, at an appointed hour, come by thousands to the great square to be fed from the city's bounty.

We used to take our dinner every day in a restau-

rant that looked out upon the square, and the doves would come to the window to be fed, and take crumbs from Marian's hand. There was one dove smaller than the rest, a poor little cripple of a fellow, who had lost a leg, and hopped about on one foot in a way that would have been funny if it had n't been pitiful. He was Marian's special pet, and she named him Bobby, because he bobbed about so in trying to walk. He became so tame that Marian could take him in her hands, and he would nestle down close to her, in a confiding way that was lovely. Bobby wore a lovely mauve suit with trimmings of silver white, and had a soft, plaintive coo that was most bewitching. Marian carried a bit of white ribbon to the restaurant, and tied it about his neck like a little cravat, and we fancied that Bobby held up his head more proudly afterwards. Every day the dove and Marian became better friends. Sometimes he would fly down to her when she was walking in the square, and she would feed him with grains of rice, or, holding him to her bosom, would talk to him in the most confidential way, and he would coo and coo as if he understood it all. Marian thought he did; and as we did n't know he did n't, neither Aunt Elinor nor I ever contradicted her.

Harry looked upon Bobby with contempt.

"If you 're going to have a pet dove, Marian," he said, "why don't you have a whole one? Or why don't you make him a wooden leg, so he won't go pegging around so funny?"

He even went so far as to volunteer to make a wooden leg, and did make one of a match, and would have tied it on to poor Bobby's stump, but that Marian rebelled.

When the proprietor of the hotel found how fond Marian was of doves, he took her up on the roof to show her some nests there. We went up with her, and there, under a wide stone coping, was a long row of nests, and in more than one were little doves; very hungry and very ugly looking little wretches.

Pretty soon we heard an exclamation from Marian, "O my, my! here 's Bobby!"

And, sure enough, there was Bobby, sitting composedly among a brood of young doves, and cooing to them so softly that nobody could ever doubt that Bobby was n't a mother-dove, singing a mother-song.

"My!" said Marian; "only think! I called him Bobby when she 's a mother-bird. What shall I call her now?"

"Peggy," says Harry. "Call her Peggy, because she pegs about so funny."

"No, I will not, Harry. And she 's lovely, and she don't peg around; and what do you think would have become of those young doves' eyes, if I 'd have let you fasten on a wooden leg? Harry, you 're a boy, and you 've no sense or feeling! Boys never have!"

But Marian was mistaken about Harry not having any feeling, for she had hardly spoken the words when Master Ludlow composedly sat himself down on a wasp, and immediately felt very unpleasantly in consequence.

It was on the evening of that same day that Marian had a curious waking dream that made her feel more than ever that she was in an enchanted city. We knew, Aunt Elinor and I, that there was to be a grand *fête* in Venice that night, but we simply told Marian that we would take her out to see the canals by moonlight. She and Harry went to lie down directly after dinner and have a nap, so that they would be prepared for the excursion. We dined at five, and by half past six our little ones were asleep. We were to go out on the canal at nine, and when the gondola came for us Marian was still sleeping.

I wrapped her in a shawl, and, taking her up gently, put her under the awning of the gondola without waking her. Then we glided out of the narrow, dark canal where the hotel was, into the Grand Canal, which was all ablaze with light and all alive with gayety. Just as we came opposite the king's palace, there was a discharge of cannon which wakened Marian. She looked about her in wonder, but hardly spoke a word, while we mixed with the drifting fleet of boats that floated past the illuminated ships and palaces and churches. It was midnight when we returned to the hotel, and Marian had fallen asleep again, so I laid her on her bed without undressing her, and it was broad daylight before I heard her crying out, "O Uncle Will, I've slept all night, and you promised to take me to see the canals by moonlight! But I've had such a dream!"

"What was it, little one?"

"Oh, I dreamed that I was in the top of the high bell-tower, the *campanile*, you know, looking for doves' nests, and it was so dark that I could n't find any, and I felt about for the door, and at last found it, and started to go, when the door slammed to with a bang like a cannon, and the *campanile* trembled, and down it went all in a heap, and I with it, and

IN THE HEART OF THE DREAM. — Page 107.

when I got to the bottom I was in a gondola, and you were there, and Aunt Elinor and Harry and Mr. and Mrs. Ludlow, and we were out on the Grand Canal. There were ever and ever so many ships, all hung with red and blue and green and yellow lanterns, and shooting out fire-works from their sides; and there were gondolas all about, each one with a light that looked like a big fire-fly, and there were great barges hung with flags and banners and lanterns, and within were bands of music, and singing people, and they were all dressed up in fantastic clothes. And all up and down the canal the houses were hung with lanterns, and the Rialto [the great bridge of Venice] was all blazing with lights that changed from one color to another.

"There was one bark that looked like gold, with a canopy of silk, under which I saw a very fat man and a very beautiful lady sitting, and the people all cheered when they passed by. And I asked you who they were, and you told me they were the Prince and Princess of Wales, — Queen Victoria's eldest son and his wife. And so we floated about, and Harry behaved beautifully, which was a wonder, and at last I grew sleepy again from seeing so much, and in a minute was on top of St. Mark's Church,

where the four bronze horses are; and I was on one, and Harry on one, and you and Aunt Elinor each on one, and we were riding in the air, and having a be-yew-ti-ful time. And that is all I can remember."

"O Marian!" said Aunt Elinor, laughing, "it was not all a dream, for we did take you out, and you saw most all the things you've told us about. It was all real from the time the *campanile* fell down till you were riding on the bronze horses."

Marian looked incredulous and said, "How funny! I thought it must be a dream, it was all so beautiful and strange — and —"

"And what, Marian?"

"And Harry — behaved so beautifully."

The pigeon that I've spoken of was not Marian's only pet in Venice. In a tiny cage, not more than three inches high, and made of fine wire gauze, she had another pet. It was a cricket, a little black cricket, that sung and sung, until sometimes he made us all nervous, and had to be put away in the dark of a bureau-drawer. This was the gift of a friend of Marian's, a little Italian peasant named Pietro.

Shall I tell you about Pietro? It is a sweet, sad story, and the tears come in Marian's eyes when she

speaks of Pietro now. One day we were sitting on the balcony that overlooks the garden of the hotel, and we heard coming from among the oleander-trees that were blooming there the plaintive notes of a shepherd's pipe. They were very feeble notes and very simple notes, but had a touching, sympathetic quality that held our attention very closely.

We looked over, and there was a little boy, not more than seven or eight years old, and small for that age. He was dressed in the pretty costume of the Savoyards,— a conical hat with a band of bright ribbon, a much-worn hat, and somewhat ragged at the edges; a coarse linen shirt, open at the neck, and with the collar gracefully thrown back over the shoulders; a pair of goat-skin trousers, that only came to the bare knees, completed the dress of the little musician, who also wore one of those coarse earthen water-bottles, such as the shepherds carry into the fields, and which was slung over the shoulder with a piece of bright-colored cord.

As we looked down the little fellow looked up, and I have never elsewhere seen such eyes,— great brown eyes, in which all the shadows of the garden seemed reflected. They had a tired, sad, beseeching look that went straight to our hearts; and we felt that

in throwing down a few copper coins we had only half answered their quest, for they seemed to ask for sympathy and love. When the lad had gathered up the coins he began to play again, and tried to play a gayer tune than he had played before, but pretty soon there crept among the notes a sad minor strain, which was followed by another and another, until the playing was like the moan of a tired child who has no one to comfort it.

We thought the boy looked as if he might be hungry, and Marian shared her luncheon of bread and honey with him, for which he seemed more grateful than for the money we had given.

When he went away he kissed his hand to us, and we noticed that it was a poor, thin little hand, that seemed to tremble with emotion as he lifted it.

The next day he came again, and we thought him sadder than before. He brought a little bunch of wild white flowers for Marian, and offered them tremblingly, as if perhaps his generous impulse might be taken as too great a liberty; and he looked so pleased at Marian's delight that, for a moment, his eyes seemed to reflect something of the sunshine of the garden as well as its shadows.

Every day after that he came at about the same

hour, and every day we went out upon the balcony when we heard his music.

After a while I ventured, in my poor Italian, to ask him something about himself. Had he a father and mother? He shook his head mournfully. Was he well and happy? He laid his little hand upon his heart, and said he had much pain there. Where was his home? "Anywhere," he said. "Under the bridges, in the shadows of the arches, anywhere." Then one of the hotel servants came and helped us with our inquiries. The little fellow said that he came to Venice a few months before with his mother. That she had left him, and gone he knew not where. He was ill, he said, and had been once in the hospital, where the good sisters nurse, but when he was better he had been obliged to leave, and try and earn his living with his flageolet. He told the waiter he had heard that many people who went across the canal to the Church of St. Maria della Salute, and prayed there, were cured of their pains, and that, on the morrow, he was going, and hoped soon to be better, for all the time now he had such a pain in his heart that he could hardly walk about, and sometimes had to lie down under the arches and rest.

The next day he did not come, and we knew he had gone to the church to pray.

Another day and he did not come, but another lad came from the hospital, and brought from little Pietro the cricket in the cage. He said that Pietro sent it "to the fair-haired little American who had been so good and spoken so kindly to him," and that he had sent word that he hoped to be better to-morrow, and would come again and play for us.

But he did not come, and so Aunt Elinor and Marian took some flowers and some dainties, and we went to the hospital to find him. We did not know his name, but the sister of charity in charge said that we might look about among the patients till we found the little one we wanted. Up one ward and down another we went, but we did not find Pietro anywhere.

"He must have gone again," said Aunt Elinor.

"There is one more room," replied the sister of charity, and she took us into a small room on the sunny side of the house, where the windows were open, and the sweet sea-breeze came in softly with the sunbeams. It was a very still room. There was no sound there, — no sighing, no crying out with pain. There were only a few beds, and all the patients seemed asleep, they were lying so still.

There were flowers on some of the tables beside the beds, but the patients could n't see them there, for their faces were covered with white cloths.

Upon one of the beds was a child's form, and the good sister uncovered the face. It was little Pietro, — past all pain now, or thought of pain, for he was dead. The sad, sweet eyes were closed, the tired look was gone, and a smile had come upon the pale lips. He had gone to the church and prayed to be better, — and he was better; as much better as angels are better than men.

We laid our offering of flowers on the pillow beside his head, and put the fairest spray of white in his folded hands, so eloquent of rest. And we smoothed back the long, black hair, and Aunt Elinor kissed the poor little forehead, and then the good sister covered the face with the white cloth, and we went away and left Pietro sleeping there, in the bright room, where the sweet sea-breeze came in with the sunbeams, and where, perhaps, some angel stood unseen, to watch beside the resting dead.

And Marian kept her little cricket for many months, and sometimes we thought we heard a strain of sadness mingle with its merry song, and remembered little Pietro, who had gone to "be better" with God.

CHAPTER IX.

MARIAN GOES BELOW.

MARIAN cried when she left Venice, and we all had a deep sympathy with her tears. She cried for leaving the canals and the gondolas and Bobby, — for she still called the mother-bird Bobby, — and her only consolation was in taking Pietro's cricket with her, and right lustily the little fellow chirped when we put him in a fresh leaf of lettuce to last him on his journey to Trieste. Harry had a few pets of a similar kind, but we were forced to leave them all behind. When he saw Marian's interest in her cricket, he had taken to capturing beetles and cockroaches and even lizards, and to improvising dwellings for them out of all sorts of things. Great black bugs would suddenly appear when least expected from the depths of dressing-cases, hideous insects crawled around among the gloves and handkerchiefs of our boxes, inverted tea-cups were found to hide whole troops of water-bugs,

and I really did think that Master Harry had carried matters too far, when, after vain struggles to see through my opera-glass, I unscrewed the big lens, and found inside a rousing brown beetle, who seemed quite delighted to be out again and quite surprised at finding himself in a crowded, brilliantly lighted opera-house.

Indeed, Harry did find the funniest places to put his bugs. Marian had a doll that had a hole in its poor china head, and one day when she was talking to it she was much surprised to have it answer back in a soft coo-cooing, very like a real baby.

"My!" said she, "Wilhelmina is beginning to talk!"

But when she took off the infant's head it only proved to be a poor imprisoned bug, struggling and buzzing to get out.

But good by, Venice, canals, doves, bugs, and all, — and hurrah for Trieste and Vienna! Up in the morning at five, and at six we are hurrying along by the shores of the Adriatic, and at night we are in Trieste.

And what a busy city it is! Ships coming and going from every quarter of the world, and in the streets an ever-changing throng of hurrying men.

There are Turks and Greeks in their scarlet caps, Jews in their long black gaberdines of which one reads in Shakespeare; there are Hungarians, earnest, bearded, sharp-eyed men; there are peasants from Illyria and Styria, in fancifully wrought costumes; there are sailors from every clime; and there are the prettiest women and children in the world.

"Everybody seems to be hurrying," said Marian. "It is just like America."

There was an American man-of-war in the harbor, and as the commander was an old friend of mine we had an invitation to go on board to luncheon.

Now I can't pretend to describe the vessel, because I'm always turned about when I try to talk sailor-talk, and only know that the wind generally blows from the windward, and that it is n't a correct thing, under any circumstances, to take a reef in the rudder; but I can tell how our little lady was entertained and entertained herself, and perhaps that will be more interesting.

The children never went anywhere without taking some playthings with them; and so, when the ship's boat came for us, and we took our seats facing the six sturdy tars that were to row us, Marian had a doll of colossal size, and over which she held her pretty

pink parasol with great pride, and Harry had a figure of Punch which had a queer trick of opening a prodigious mouth and swallowing, over and over, a diminutive pig, which came forth somewhere from the mysterious folds of his clothing. And the pig would squeal as he disappeared, and Punch would shut his mouth together with a very satisfied click, as much as to say, "I 've done it once, and I 'll do it again presently, for I like it immensely."

When we got on board we were shown ever and ever so many guns, and ever and ever so much polished brass, and the tidiest decks and cabins and bunks imaginable, and while we ate our luncheon a sailor band played some very good music for us, and after dinner, while our good friend Captain B—— and myself smoked a cigar, and Aunt Elinor and Mrs. Captain B—— talked the latest fashions, Marian and Harry were left to amuse themselves. Harry had brought a line, and so they thought they 'd fish a little. The cook gave them some bait, and presently they had their line in the water and waiting for bites.

Sure enough they had one soon, and brought up a fine fellow of a fish, who wriggled and twisted in the sunlight, and showed a beautiful coat of blue and

silver that was really quite dazzling. Then they dropped their line in again, and in a minute there was a nibble, and what do you think they caught?

It pulled rather hard, but when it did come over the side of the ship there was a lovely box of bonbons and a pretty carved ivory thimble-case for Marian, and a ball for Harry. They were all tied in a parcel, and I can only account for this strange and delightful fish by the fact that the line went straight by one of the loop-holes of the officers' quarters below, and that some kind hand had hitched it on as Harry pulled up.

While still in the enjoyment of their new treasures, another man-of-war of another nationality hove in sight, and the captain took his glass and looked at her and said, —

"Oh, yes, that 's her! I expected her. It 's a French ship, the *Aurora*. We 're all ready to salute her!"

Then there was a good deal of very orderly making ready; a great brass cannon that was on the deck had its nozzle thrust out at the side, and a sailor stood by with a lighted slow-match to touch it off at the captain's word. Marian had n't noticed the preparations, or at least, had n't understood what they

meant till this point; and just as the captain said, "Ready! Fire!" she gave a little scream and shouted, "Oh, don't! don't! My poor, precious doll!"

"And my Punch!" cried Harry.

"And my beautiful pink parasol!" said Marian, ready to cry.

But even while they spoke, "Boom!" went the cannon, and there went flying out over the water a pretty pink parasol that opened itself proudly among the smoke; and there was a blond doll that shot out as far as it could towards the land, but finally dropped into the water; and there was a pig-swallowing Punch that skipped along on the waves like a bird, and finally went down to swallow pigs at the bottom of the sea.

And on deck there stood a little figure of a lovely little girl, upon whose cheeks were two great tears, and who said, half sobbing, —

"O my poor Wilhelmina! To think of her coming to such an end! and it was all my fault, for I ought not to have put her in the gun. And my pink parasol was a present."

"Was n't it jolly, though, when it went off?" said Harry. "I'd rather hear cannons than to

have all the dolls and parasols and Punches in the world."

After a while we consoled Marian, who, it seems, at Harry's instigation, had put her treasures into the cannon when they began fishing, and — the little rogue that he was! — had watched all the preparations for firing, knowing they were there, and had n't said a word.

The parasol and doll were replaced that very afternoon, and the same evening we started for Adelsberg to attend a *fête* that was to be holden in the most marvellous cave in the world.

Adelsberg is not a large place, but it is a very pretty place, — a quiet, shady place, where the houses nestle close to the foot of the mountains, and the green fields stretch out beyond, across a wide valley. On the day of our arrival there were crowds of people in the town, and carriages were in such demand that we had to content ourselves with a farm-wagon to convey us to the hotel; and when we came to the hotel we had chosen, there were no rooms for us. Then we had to go to another hotel, and then to another, and finally found two little rooms in an old inn kept by the burgomaster.

The *fête* was to take place the next day, and we

were wakened bright and early by the tramp of wooden shoes under our windows, for the peasants from all the country round were coming to town to dance at the "Grotto-ball." By ten o'clock the streets were thronged, and more people coming. In the country lanes, little booths were erected, and in them were shows such as we see at an American cattle fair. Strolling musicians went from house to house, and more than one party stopped before our window, to Harry's and Marian's great delight.

The *fête* in the cave did not begin until three in the afternoon, and by that hour there were at least fifteen thousand strangers in the town. We were among the first to reach the opening of the cave, and had some time to wait.

The opening looked only like a cleft in the rock of the mountain-side, with a wooden railing built across it to keep the crowd from pouring in too rapidly. When the town clock struck three the gates were opened, and we were borne along by the crowd from the sunshine into the darkness.

Down — down — down we went. There was a narrow path that was lighted on each side by little wicks floating in tumblers of oil. Beside the path there was a river that dashed over the rocks and

made music as it went. Sometimes the path led by great depths in the rock where we could see no bottom, and only knew that there was a bottom to it by little lines of lamps far, far below. Marian whispered once or twice, "Uncle Will, I'm frightened."

"At what, dear?"

"At the darkness."

"Did the darkness ever hurt you?"

"No, but it looks easy to be lost in."

"I'm not afraid," Harry would say bravely; "but it looks as if it might be a good place for bears and snakes."

He said this to frighten Marian, knowing those creatures to be a terrible dread to our pet.

After we were a little way inside the cave we bade farewell to the river that had kept us company, or rather it bade us good by and plunged into a great hole in the floor of the cavern, and wandered off somewhere into the side of the mountain.

At last we were fairly inside the cave, and a great chamber in the rock opened before us. In it was a brilliant illumination of red and yellow and green and blue lamps. On one side there was a raised platform, and a band of music which played for a

thousand or more people to dance. And how they did dance! They danced till the perspiration rolled from their foreheads and they had to cool themselves off with huge glasses of beer.

From this chamber we wandered into another and another, till I don't dare to say how many we entered, or how vast and strange they all were. Great masses of rock hung from the ceiling like icicles, and great pillars of rock rose from the floor to meet them half-way. Some of these stalactites and stalagmites, for that is what they call them, were of the quaintest form. In one place they were like a huge curtain of alabaster, and so thin that you could see the lights from behind them shining through their substance. In one place the stalagmites growing up from the floor had fashioned themselves into something so like a pulpit that if I had been a minister I should have wanted to preach there.

There was one end of a great hall that looked for all the world like a great white organ, and farther on we came into a hall with a roof so high that we could n't see it, even when rockets were thrown up to light it. There was one place very gloomy and grand, where a hill seemed to rise out of an abyss below, and on the top were three columns of rock,

a high one in the middle and a smaller one on each side. The guide called it Mount Calvary, because in the three columns there was a reminder of the three crosses that were erected when our Saviour was crucified.

We walked several miles under ground, and should have gone farther, only that Harry and Marian became tired. What a gloomy place it was, or would have been, but for the 20,000 lamps that gave us light! Then, too, the guides would from time to time light red and blue and green fires that would change all the gloom into glowing color, and all the white columns into gems. We walked and walked, and looked on at the crowds till we were all tired out, and when we returned to the surface of the earth there was no longer any sunlight, but a bright starlight evening which we were too tired to enjoy, and so went straightway to the inn and to bed.

The next day there was a continuance of the *fête*, but Aunt Elinor and I were so tired we did not go out to take part in it. Mr. and Mrs. Ludlow left us to go on to Vienna, and left Harry with us to be a companion for Marian, and to go on with us a day or two later. It was too bad to keep Marian and Harry in all that long forenoon, and as the street was less

SINGING IN THE ADELSBERG STREETS. — Page 125.

crowded than the day before, we let them go out by themselves, on condition that they would not go across the street or off of it. They were gone all the forenoon, and we were sitting down to luncheon when they came in, looking very tired and dusty, and Harry had his cap in his hand, and was jingling something in it in the most triumphant way.

"Oh, we 've had such a time!" said Marian; "and I should never have thought of it but for Harry!"

"Yes, we 've done pretty well," said Harry. "I 've got about enough to buy a gun with."

What could they mean?

"You see," said Marian, after she had somewhat recovered her breath, for they had evidently run all the way, and were both breathless, — "you see, Uncle Will, those singers seemed to be making so much money that we thought we 'd try it. Harry thought of it, and asked me if I could sing. I told him yes, and then he said if I 'd sing he 'd stand on his head, and go round and collect the money."

"O Marian!' exclaimed Aunt Elinor, looking very vexed.

"Yes," continued Marian, heedlessly, "was n't it nice? So we went into the hotel court-yards, and I sang 'Shining Shore,' and 'Out on an Ocean Sail-

ing,' and 'Mary had a Little Lamb,' and Harry would stand on his head a few minutes, and then take his cap and go around and get the money. It was beautiful!"

"And here's the money," chimed in Harry, as he emptied about half a pint of coppers on to the table; "there's a lot of it, and if you'll let us we'll go right out again and get some more after dinner."

"What shall we do with these children, Will?" said Aunt Elinor.

"Well, Elinor, I should think the first thing to do was to wash them."

"And what would Mr. and Mrs. Ludlow say if they knew their boy had gone into the acrobat business at a country *fête?*"

"Just what we say, I suppose, when we find our little niece has gone into the street-singing business, — that she must n't, on any account, do it again."

"What! are n't we to go out again after more money?" said Marian.

"Of course not," said Aunt Elinor, sternly, "it is n't a nice thing at all!"

"Then I'm sorry we came in so soon," said Harry. "There's only about two guldens; and a gun such as I want costs three."

"Never mind," said Marian; "perhaps we can find a cheaper one in Vienna. Let us wait and buy it there."

"Let 's!" said Harry; and the gun question being thus disposed of, both children attacked their luncheon with a degree of heartiness that showed their performance of the morning to have been a very appetizing affair.

"After all," said Aunt Elinor, "no great harm is done, and I don't think they 'll do it again; but, dear me! I wonder what they 'll do next."

CHAPTER X.

LOOKING ON IN VIENNA.

WHAT golden days they were, those early summer days in the Austrian capital, and what sights we saw, and what adventures we had, and how lively Marian grew in the bracing air, and how we loved her more and more and more as the weeks went on! Well, no, we did n't mind her mischief very much, because, you see, she never *meant* to be mischievous, and that makes all the difference in the world. She generally thought she was doing right, and her little pranks were most always mere errors of judgment. She would never have cut off Harry's long hair, but that she thought it would be more becoming and comfortable short. She would never, for mere mischief, have pinned red stripes on to the shoulders of my dress coat, and I wore them to a court reception and was n't aware they were there until a fellow-countryman asked me if they were a pair of young shoulder-

straps. And I'm sure she did n't mean any harm when she put a box of toilet powder into the hat of a distinguished United States officer who came to call on us, and he, poor man! who was nothing if not dignified, and not much if he was, felt very angry when his red face and bald head and black coat received a shower of powder. We were very much mortified at this, and Aunt Elinor looked very severe, and said, "Marian, Marian, why did you do it? It was very naughty and thoughtless." And the little lady replied that she had only hidden it there for a moment from Harry, and forgotten to take it out. "And," she continued, "it did n't hurt him a bit, and it was n't half as bad as Harry did, for he stirred up our mucilage-pot with the old gentleman's umbrella handle and did n't wipe it off again. Harry was just going to wipe it off when he came out of the parlor so mad about the powder-box, and seized his umbrella right out of Harry's hands, before we could tell him; and, oh my, did n't it stick to his gloves!"

Aunt Elinor groaned, and no wonder.

And I? I looked very stern, and said, "Children, I'm surprised, when you know I charged you to be specially good while that gentleman was here."

"Well," said Marian, beginning to cry, "we tried to be good, and we went down into the court-yard to keep out of mischief, and his carriage was there, and we climbed in, and we should have stayed there till he come down, only the pins gave out."

"Pins! What do you mean?" asked Aunt Elinor.

"Oh, we had a paper of pins, and we stuck them all in carriage cushions, and spelt words with the heads. We wrote "old boy" with pins' heads way across the front seat, and it looked so well we left it for him to see."

Aunt Elinor groaned again.

"And we made a cat on the back seat, and then Harry made a fence all around her to keep her in, — a lovely fence. We lifted up the linen covering of the seat, and stuck the pins point upwards, and I do hope he noticed it before he sat down."

I didn't wait to hear more, but I seized my hat and hurried off to the gentleman's house, and found him looking very flushed and angry and as if he might be just on the point of striking our names off his visiting list. I did the best I could with an apology, but the old gentleman worked himself into a towering passion, and said,—

"It's outrageous, sir, outrageous! I shall not be able to sit down with comfort for a week."

I told Marian and Harry what he said, and both children looked very sorry, but surely did the best they knew how to mend the injury, for when a few days after I went to search for my court-plaster case, Marian looked guilty, and said very beseechingly,—

"Oh, don't be angry with me, dear Uncle Will! I sent it to General ——, with such a nice note."

"Oh! oh! oh!" I groaned, and felt like tearing my hair.

"Don't feel so badly, dear Uncle Will. 'T was a very nice note. I have a copy of it here." And she produced a letter that read as follows: —

"DEAR GENERAL: —

"We are very sorry that you hurt yourself when you sat down. We send you some court-plaster and hope it will do you good. We did n't mean to be outrajous and we did n't think it was much trouble for you to get the powder out of your hair, because you have so little hair on top of your head and it will brush out of that little fringe round the edges easy enough.

"Harry says he thinks your head very pretty be-

hind, it looks just like a ostritches egg he saw in a museum.

"Did you see what we wrote on your carridge cushing — while your cotchman was drinking beer with our porter?

"Please send the pins back again when you get time."

. . . . .

"Don't you think that is a pretty good note?"

"Yes, Marian, it is well enough of itself, but you ought not to have done it. You are very naughty to do such things without asking leave."

"What can the man think?" said Aunt Elinor, hardly knowing whether to cry or laugh.

"Oh," I said, trying to comfort her, "he thinks the children wrote it, and I daresay had a good laugh over it."

"I don't think he did," said Marian.

"Did what, Marian?"

"Did think we wrote it," said Marian.

"Why not, dear?"

"Because, Uncle Will, I thought he would n't think it much account if he thought we wrote it, and so I signed Aunt Elinor's name to it."

"How could you, how could you, Marian?" And

Aunt Elinor for a moment thought she *would* cry a little, and then she saw how funny it all was, and she laughed a little instead, and then it seemed rather awkward, and she turned to me and asked what she should do.

"Do! Why, there is only one thing to do, and that is to go to the General and apologize"; which we proceeded to do forthwith, but not until Marian had promised never, while she was with us, to send another note without telling us about it, and never, never to put anybody's but her own name to her letters.

But Marian was not always getting into scrapes; sometimes she would go on for whole weeks, and be only a delight to us. Almost every day we would take her to the Prater, the grandest of all pleasure parks. Sometimes it would be only for a drive through the *Haupt Allee*, that long, straight road which for four miles stretches its wide carriage-way under noble trees; trees so old that their branches meet across the way, and form a perfect arbor. But oftenest we would take the little folks to the *Wurstel*, or Sausage Prater, which is the special pleasure grounds for the lower classes and has a great array of booths and shows. There were shoot-

ing-galleries, where Harry tried his skill more than once, and there were "round-abouts" of wooden chariots and horses that made one dizzy to think of. There were Flea Theatres, where the little insects were tamed to draw the tiniest carriages and street-cars, and where they danced and fought like human beings. There were several very fat women and a number of ugly little dwarfs and stupid giants on exhibition, and Marian and Harry saw most of them and imitated as many as they could. But I have Marian's permission to quote one of her letters to Lulu, and that will give you a better idea of her Vienna days than any description I can write.

"My Dear Lulu:—

"Here we are in Vienna, a very old city, where the streets are very zigzag except in the new parts of the town which is almost as handsome as Fifth Avenue in New York. Uncle Will thinks it is handsome, but I don't.

"We 're having a great time here. There is a beautiful park called the Prater, and in it are a great many deer, which are called together and fed every afternoon. A man blows a horn and they all come. There are beautiful restaurants in the Prater, and

we often take our dinner there with a band of musicians playing at our elbow and people driving by in elegant carriages. I've seen the Emperor and the Empress twice. We were taking dinner in the Prater one afternoon, and there dashed through the principal drive in front of us a company of soldiers on horseback, and as all the people looked the way from which they had come instead of after them, I knew there must be something else behind, and sure enough there came an elegant carriage drawn by six white horses, and on each horse a postilion in golden-yellow satin, and sitting back in the carriage was a small man, very plain-looking too, and they told us that was the Emperor. Then there was another carriage drawn by four brown horses, and in it the very be-yew-ti-fulest lady I ever saw. She had a pink parasol that looked just like the one of mine that was shot out off a cannon in Trieste, — just as that might have looked grown a little bigger.

"She had soft brown hair, and such pretty lips and teeth. Oh, she was lovely! She was dressed in white and pink to match her parasol, and she had a little dog beside her, that looked a good deal like the Emperor. I suppose that is why she had him.

"The second time we saw the Emperor and Empress was at the meeting-house, — the *Stefans-kirche* they call it here. It was on some great occasion, when all the Emperor's folks came out to church in their best clothes, and walked from the church door to the palace after the service was over. Of course everybody went to see them do it, and we went among the rest. We had a place on a platform just opposite the church door. There were a great many soldiers in front of us, and some of them were Hungarian noblemen who wore leopard-skin coats and rode on elegant white horses. The church was full of people, and when the services were over there was a great ringing of bells as if everybody was glad, and a procession began to form. There were soldiers by the thousand, with their uniforms and swords scoured up till they fairly made my eyes ache. Then there were bishops with great peaked hats on their heads, that made them look very top-heavy, for some of these hats, which are called mitres, seem to be covered with gold and are set all over with precious stones. Then there were ever and ever so many priests who wore underskirts of blue or scarlet or black, and overskirts of lace, and cloaks of gold cloth, and wore on their heads

funny little hats like stew-pans without the handles. Then there were bands of music, and choirs of boys singing with all their might; and towards the very last of it, was the Emperor, all hung over with gold and diamond stars and crosses, and the lovely Empress walking by his side.

"*And, Lulu, she had her crown on!*

"I was glad for once to see a crown that was n't shut up in a glass case. And she had an elegant white dress of silk or satin almost covered with white lace, and she bowed every which way as she walked along. But she was gone by in a minute, and I was sorry when she was gone. That was a church festival, and they call it Corpus Christi day, but we 've had a festival all our own, and we called ours Fourth of July. All the Americans in Vienna had a dinner in the Horticultural Hall, and there was ever so much speaking, all about the American flag, and the American eagle, and the army and navy, and there was music, our own music such as we have at home, and in the evening we had such fire-works!

"Harry and I got up a celebration of our own. We had it in the court-yard of our house, and had fire-crackers and torpedoes, and an American flag as big as a cradle-blanket, which Harry's father

brought over with him. We had quite a picnic among the shrubbery; but the picnic, Lulu, was a failure. We had a large bowl of lemonade, and a real nice American custard pie, and candies and ice-cream. We set it out beautifully on a little table with a white cloth, and trimmed it about with leaves and ferns. I took Minnie, my kitten, and she had to go and have a dreadful fit and plumped right into the custard pie. I didn't care for the pie, but I did pity the kitten, and I washed her nicely and made her a little bed under the table, and we had begun all over, when a great common shoemaker's boy came to bring home some shoes for Uncle Will, and he had a big dog with him, and the dog flew at the poor cat, and worried her under the table, and finally she jumped on to the table and upset the lemonade, and I was dreadfully frightened and ran up stairs, and while I was gone that dreadful boy ate up the ice-cream and ran off with the candies. I like boys less and less every day. But we had a good time getting it ready, if we didn't have it to eat.

"And now, Lulu, Uncle Will is tired of writing for me. I've a great deal to tell you yet, but we must wait till next time.

"Affectionately,

"MARIAN."

CHAPTER XI.

MARIAN PLAYS WITH A PRINCESS.

IT was in Vienna that Marian played with the princess, and a glorious time they had of it.

We went to see the Lichtenstein Gallery, in the great, imposing Lichtenstein Palace, that shows its front to a lovely, smiling flower-garden, and turns its back on a very pompous park. Jehu, that is what we always called the coachman, he pulled up with a great flourish of trumpets — that is to say, an immense crack of his whip — before the tall iron gates, and Marian and the rest of us got out. Then Jehu went away, with another crack of his whip, to doze in a beer-shop for a couple of hours while we strolled through the gardens and among the pictures. Whatever else a Vienna coachman does, he alway cracks his whip when he 's driving, and always goes for his beer when he is not. You see, he drinks his beer to make himself drowsy and cracks his whip to keep himself awake.

"First of all," I said, "let us see the gallery of pictures, — that closes in an hour, — and we 'll walk about the grounds afterwards."

Now Marian don't care for pictures, at least not such pictures as we were going to see. She has a copy of "Mother Goose" and of "Alice in Wonderland" that she thinks more of than all the galleries in the world. These books are all ablaze with pictures, and she knows every picture by heart and all about it. Marian did n't like to see the Lichtenstein pictures, so she begged us to leave her outside in the garden.

"Won't you go off the paths?" said her aunt.

"Or pick the flowers?" said I.

"Or get stones in your shoes, or lose your hat, or get your sash untied or your face dirty?" said Aunt Elinor.

Marian promised she would n't do any of these things, but would be as good as candy if we 'd only let her stay and play in the garden while we went inside. So we let her stay.

We had only left her a few minutes when Marian saw on the other side of the garden a very pretty little girl, who was with a very be-yew-ti-ful young lady, and a maid-servant with a cap, and behind them all a man-servant with a yellow coat on, and

in front of them a little dog with a pug like a door-knob and no ears to speak of, and not even the thought of a tail.

The little girl had a hoop, the be-yew-ti-fulest (that's Marian's word, not mine) hoop and hoop-stick, and the maid-servant had a whole lot more toys, and the man-servant he had battledores and grace-hoops and a balloon.

The little girl fascinated Marian immensely and Marian fascinated the little girl, so when they met on the walk, both stopped and looked at each other.

"How d'ye do?" said Marian, in her best French.

"Pretty well," said the little girl. "How do you do?" in equally good French.

The lady smiled, and the man-servant looked amazed, and the maid-servant didn't have any expression to speak of.

"Are you out here to play?" said Marian.

"Yes, are you?"

"Yes."

"Then let's play together," said the little girl.

"Oh, no," said Marian. "I'd like to, but I'm not allowed to play with strangers, but I *should* like to *so* much."

Then the lady laughed, and the man-servant

looked more horrified, and the maid-servant never stirred a muscle.

"Do you know my uncle?" said Marian, thinking that might be a way out of the difficulty.

"No, but I daresay you 've seen my papa," said the little girl. "Most everybody has."

"What is his name?" said Marian.

"His name is the Emperor," said the little girl, "and mine is Marie Valerie."

"Oh, my!" said Marian, "are you the Emperor's little girl? Then you 're a princess. Why, where 's your crown and all your gold coaches and everything? I'm so glad to speak with a princess, for there are ever so many things I want to know. May I ask you some questions?"

"Yes, if you like."

"Well, then, do you ever have your mother's crown to play with?"

My! how horrified the man-servant looked, and the little princess replied, "No, but I 'd like to."

"We saw your mother the other day, and she had her crown on," continued Marian. "How does she keep it on? with an elastic?"

"I don't know," said Marie Valerie. "I 'll ask her when I go home."

"Please do," said Marian, "and tell me the next time you see me. You don't look very much like a princess, you look just like a real sweet little girl."

The lady smiled and the man-servant looked as if he had had an electric shock, and the maid-servant put a piece of bread into her mouth on the sly and began munching it.

"Why, I 've got a picture of you at home," said Marian, "but I should never have known it — never! You were standing up to a chair and looking at pictures in a great book."

"Oh, that was taken when I was little. They gave me the book to keep me still. I sit still as a mouse now when I have my pictures taken."

"You had a lovely dress on, — all lace and sashes. And that 's such a pretty dress you 're wearing now. Why it, is almost all lace. Do you wear lace dresses every day?"

"When I go out I do."

"How many have you?" asked Marian.

"I don't know," answered the princess.

"Ten?" asked Marian.

"More than that."

"My!" exclaimed Marian. "Do you ever wear aprons?"

"Oh, yes; when I eat my dinner."

"A princess with an apron on! Why, I never heard of such a thing!" And Marian opened her eyes with surprise. In a minute she recovered herself enough to ask, —

"How do you like being a princess?" for our little lady meant to improve the opportunity to get all the information she could.

"Pretty well," said Miss Marie Valerie; "but you haven't told me what your name is, and I've told you all about myself."

"Oh, my name is Marian. I am an American. Are those all your toys?"

"Yes; do you want to play?"

"Why, yes, if you'll let me take that hoop for a little. I should like to take a run with it. We might take turns."

"Yes, we might," said the little princess, looking at the lady, who nodded a consent.

So off they went romping, just as you do, little reader; and so when we came out of the palace we found Marian playing with a princess, and a right merry, good-natured little princess she was.

But we had to call Jehu and go away at last, and when we did, what do you think the little girls did?

Why, they just put their arms about each other, and kissed with a smack that startled the grave man-servant like a fire-cracker, and the princess said, —

"I like you very much."

And Marian said, —

"So do I you; and I never should have taken you for a princess, — never!"

Soon after this adventure the weather became so warm that we began to think about going into the country, and casting about for a place to go to, hit upon Vöslauer, an hour's ride by rail from Vienna, and as picturesque a place as one would wish to live in. At Vöslauer there is a beautiful swimming-bath, and both Marian and Harry learned to swim. I don't see very well how they could help learning in such a nice place. There was a great basin all overhung with trees, and supplied by a spring that came bubbling up from the ground and kept the basin full of water so clear that we could see the pebbles at the bottom shining like pearls. And in one place the water was so shallow as to be perfectly safe for our little folks, and so we let them go into it pretty nearly whenever they pleased. Marian had a blue and white striped bathing-suit, and Harry had a red one that made him look like an overgrown

lobster as he sported in the water. There was a swimming master who taught them, and the way he did it was to hang them to a long pole by means of a belt under their arms, with which he held them just at the surface of the water, while he told them how to strike out with their legs and arms.

It was a glorious summer for us all, and when we saw the harvest ripening and felt the autumn coming on, we were sorry, for we knew we must turn our steps homeward, and strong attachments for us all had grown up in Austria.

CHAPTER XII.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

THE last chapter of the Marian papers, —and so much to say in it, that I would like to have another whole book to say it in. A dozen pages are a very small space to tell you all about how Marian got home, but I'll do the best I can.

The harvest was ripe in the fields when we left Austria and made our way towards Paris. We made a long journey of it, stopped here and there by the way whenever there was anything remarkable to be seen, and among other places we visited Salzburg, the capital of the Austrian Tyrol. Salzburg is like a city in a dream. Over the town hangs a feudal castle, and looking down on that are snow-crowned mountains that seem to touch the sky, and every evening mingle their tops with the red and gold of the sunsets, or wrap themselves about with clouds. We stopped at a very old

hotel, in the very old square of the town, and were waited upon by a very old waiter, who gave us very old chickens to eat and a beef-steak so venerable and tough that we felt as if it ought to be tanned and put in the town museum as a curiosity. Then we had a very old room, that smelt musty and damp, and the chambermaid was so old that we instinctively asked how her grandchildren were, and if she remembered Mozart, the composer, who used to live in Salzburg, and died in 1791. An air of antiquity seemed to settle upon us like a garment, and during our stay we could not shake it off. The children too seemed to feel it, and talked in such a strange old way it made us sad to hear them.

There are ever so many sights to be seen in Salzburg. There is an old cemetery, with tombs and chapels cut in solid rock; there is a riding-school, with tier upon tier of boxes for spectators, and all hewn out of the face of the mountain; and the best of all the sights of Salzburg is not in Salzburg, but a little out of it, at a place called Helbrunn, — a summer palace, where the gardens are full of marvels that amused us for a whole day. All we knew about Helbrunn before we went there was that it was famous for its fountains. As we drove up to the

front of the palace, it looked like rather an insignificant affair compared with those we had already seen, but stretching out behind it was a park of rare beauty, with long rows of trees and lawns and statuary, and two or three not very imposing fountains.

"I hope they don't call those wonderful fountains," said Marian. "We've seen ever so many better ones than those."

"Yes," I said, "there was the fountain of Trevi."

"Uncle Will, you promised not to mention it!"

"So I did, but I forgot."

"Come," said the guide, who by this time had made up a party of a dozen persons, among the most conspicuous of whom was a group of Tyrolean peasants in their pretty costumes, and all under the charge of a fat old burgomaster and his fatter wife, who was red of face, capacious of skirts, and carried a green cotton umbrella of huge dimensions.

He took us first by a flower-bordered walk so narrow that we were all obliged to go single file; and just when we were in the prettiest part of it, there sprang up from each side, right out of the box-tree edging, a shower of fine spray. Everybody laughed, and hurried along to a little summer-house

for shelter, and the party was no sooner inside than from all the cornices and ornaments of the roof there sprang a hundred jets of water like fine rain.

The burgomaster's wife put up her umbrella and looked triumphant, while we all fled out into the sunshine again, leaving her alone in her glory. Her triumph was very brief, for we had no sooner left the summer-house than from a thousand little holes, unnoticed in the floor, there sprang as many spiteful jets of water, and as she could n't stand in her umbrella and keep it over her head also, she had to come grumbling to us, and was hailed with shouts of laughter. She said she would n't go any farther, she guessed, she 'd seen enough, and she had rather sit down under a tree and wait till we came along back. This she proceeded to do, but the tree began to throw out water from every branch, and she was glad to join us again. Then we were taken to see a cavern, and the guide promised us he would look out that we did n't get wet any more, if we would only obey his directions.

One thing he told us was that we must n't stop to look at anything unless he bade us do so. I was the first one to disregard this, and as we were about to enter the cavern, stopped and called Aunt Eli-

nor's attention to some deer's heads with antlers above the door.

"Are n't they fine?" I said; and the words were no sooner out of my mouth than the points of every antler sent down streams of water, that wet my head and face completely.

Then we all went into the cavern, and were made prisoners there by a sheet of water that at once commenced falling from the door.

We were led through underground passages, where the water was always suddenly leaping out upon us, and at the end was a gloomy cavern, where there were fountains of fantastic forms, and crawling in and out were alligators, and reptiles of other sorts, and huge, indescribable monsters, that groaned and hooted and screamed in the most terrific way. There were grotesque faces that ran out huge tongues, and there were great, hideous bats that flapped their wings and winked their eyes and held serpents in their claws.

Marian was quite afraid, and we were sorry we had brought her there. It was very curious though, and everything was done by water-power, even to the singing of hundreds of birds that hailed us as we turned to leave.

Once more outside, we were taken to a great theatre, where there were scores and scores of little people only a few inches in height, and all moving about like real people. There were people of all trades,— blacksmiths at their anvils and forges, shoemakers pegging away "like mad," sailors sewing as if their lives depended upon it; there were preachers preaching, and miners mining, and hay-makers haymaking, and carpenters carpentering, and everybody that does anything doing it as hard as ever they could, and all moved by the power of a little brook, that flowed out from underneath with a self-satisfied bubbling, as much as to say, "Don't you think I 've done it all pretty well?" At last, when we were all very nearly tired out, we came to a terrace, enclosed in the form of a horseshoe, and set about with statuary. In the middle was a table, and around it were stools. "This looks like a safe place?" said the burgomaster's wife, in a questioning tone to her husband.

"Yah," he said, wiping the perspiration from his forehead and sitting down by the table.

"Here we 'll have our luncheon, as we don't care to go any farther, Mr. Guide —"

All his party looked pleased at this, and began to

produce from their pockets good-sized parcels of eatables, and had sent one of their number for the beer, when presto! the table, the stools, the very ground opened a hundred mouths, and Mr. Burgomaster and his party were in the heart of a fountain.

Wherever one looked, water was pouring out.

The urns above their heads were overflowing, the statues were spirting out streams from their parted lips, the cornices were waterfalls, and the trees became clouds that rained copiously. But the guide was not very hard on them, he only let the water run for a few seconds; and as the burgomaster and his party took it all good-naturedly, no harm was done. The sun soon dried their wet clothes, and we left them enjoying their bread and sausage and fortifying themselves with beer.

Back to Salzburg and away from Salzburg.

On to Munich and away from Munich, with only a glance at the sights of the famous city. On, on, on, as fast as steam would carry us, to beautiful Paris.

In Paris we rested until the winter was upon us, and left it just as the December days were dying, *en route* for home.

On the evening before we left, Marian and Harry went to a party. And who do you think gave it?

And where do you think it was? Guess! Oh, but you 'd never guess right. It was a Christmas party given by the children of Marshal McMahon and Madame la Marechale. Such a time!

A children's party in the Elysée Palace!

And it was n't only a party, it was a fancy party, and Marian went as "little Bo Peep," and Harry as a North American Indian, who showed a decided tendency to scalp everybody with whom he came in contact.

And did n't Marian look very sweet when she was dressed to go, with her jaunty little hat all covered with daisies and buttercups, and her little blue dress with a white overskirt, and the tiniest little crook tied up with blue and pink ribbons?

And do you wonder that I caught her up and kissed her again and again, and said, "There never was such a dear little shepherdess"?

And when we were all ready I took them in a carriage and we drove up under the lighted portal of the Elysée, and were helped out by very gorgeous servants in livery, and were introduced to a rather plain but very sensible and motherly looking woman, who was Mrs. McMahon, or Madame la Marechale, or the Duchess of Magenta, whichever title you like

READY FOR THE PARTY. — Page 154.

best, and then we were introduced to a grave-looking man, whose face was weather-stained and whose close-cut hair and moustache were very grizzled, and he was a marshal of France, and the President of the French Republic. And afterward there were some young McMahons, how many or what their names were I can't remember, but they were very sweet and lovable children.

After a little while, a band struck up and there was dancing. Away went little troubadours with guitars slung over their shoulders and holding little peasants by the hands, away went little sailors and soldiers and harlequins and shepherdesses, and Tyroleans and Hungarians and Indians, round and round they went among the great pots of flowering plants, under the thousand wax candles, and over the polished inlaid floor.

And after the dancing there was supper, with such fanciful things in confectionery that the very tables looked like dreamland. Then there was a Punch and Judy show, and Punch was never funnier nor Judy more perverse. After that there was an exhibition of trained birds, when a little chirping, yellow canary fired a cannon at another canary, who fell dead and was wheeled away in a wheelbarrow by

number one. The canaries were no sooner through than a band of trained dogs and monkeys were introduced, and went through with such marvellous feats that the children clapped their hands with delight; and to wind up with, there was an exhibition of parlor fire-works that put all the candles to shame with their brilliancy. The party began at six and was over before eleven, but when it was over I could n't find Marian. Where could she be? I looked into all the rooms, even to the cloak-rooms, but she was nowhere to be found. Then I thought of the conservatory, and thought she might be there. When I reached the door I found a group of ladies and gentlemen standing just inside and talking in very low tones.

"Is n't it a pretty sight?" said one.

"Lovely!" answered another.

"It is too bad to wake her," said another; and I looked to see what they were talking about. There was a beautiful statue there of an angel bending over a group of sleeping children, one of whom held a dove to its bosom. The group was in marble; but far prettier than the marble forms, far sweeter than the angel's face, was our dear little Marian, her fair curls nestled close to the angel's feet, and her

hands clasped upon the dove, and her shepherd crook lying at her feet unheeded, for she was far away in the land of dreams. I awakened her with a kiss and bore her away in my arms, and wished that in all her sleep she might lie at the feet of the angels and fold her precious hands upon the dove of peace.

And now we have come to the end of Marian's wanderings; there was only the sweet home-coming, which I need not tell you about. Dear, sweet little Marian! Dear, jolly, mischievous little Harry! We must say *Au revoir*, and we'll keep all the sunny memories in our hearts forever, and forget all that was amiss in the journey that we made together.

So then, I take my pen to write the last record of Marian's travels. I confess that my heart is somewhat heavy at parting with the little friends that we 've made by the wayside,— you, my little reader, and each and every one who has loved Marian. I know we have some friends, and I imagine, as I write, that there are bright-eyed children all about, boys and girls, blondes and brunettes, rich and poor, worn little faces and healthy smile-wreathed faces too. Many a little hand I know is put forth to take Marian's in farewell, and to each and every dear child I must say farewell for our darling. How can I

better do it than to repeat a prayer that Marian used to say, — perhaps says now, — and add my own loving, hearty amen? More than once as I have bent over Marian's fair head, as she knelt by her bedside, I have heard her say, —

"Dear Father in heaven, bless all the little children in the world and keep them in Thy loving arms from all harm and fear of harm, for our dear Saviour's sake!"

AMEN.

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"The weather is a little depressing," said I, "and the evenings are long. We need a special entertainment."

"Let's write the history of our lives," suggested Van, playfully. I started up.

"Van Asbury, we'll do it."

"Well, you write mine, Vie, and I'll write yours."

"No; let's have it in the same book," said I. "You take one chapter and I another."

"That style of memoir is not customary," objected Van.

"Neither are twins customary, my love, but you see they are permitted; and really, Van, you and I have been together so much, and have become so mixed, that our story can't be told in any other way."

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